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ZULULAND.

AND

CETEWAYO.

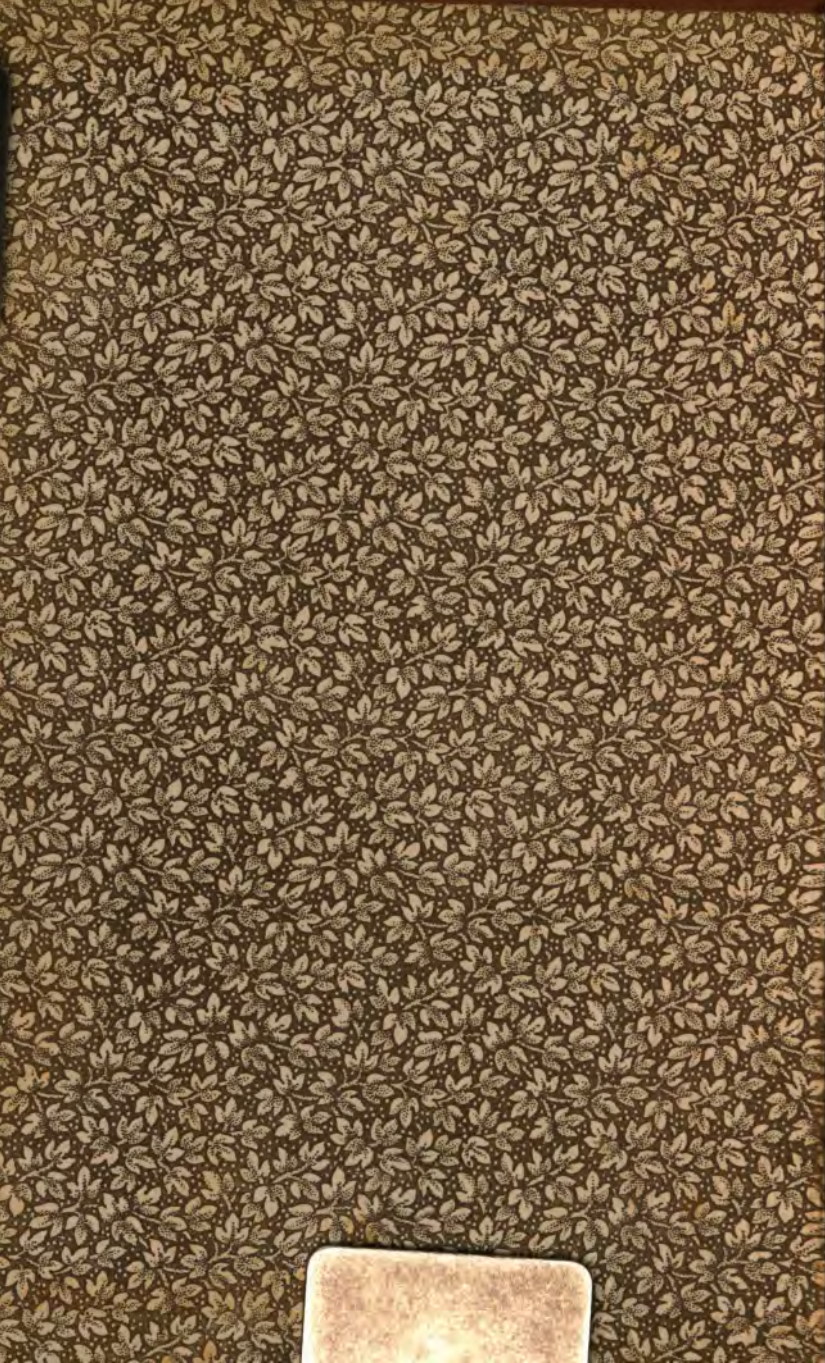


By
CAPTAIN W. R. LUDLOW.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

E. C. MOUNTFORT.





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ZULULAND AND CETEWAYO.



CETYWAYO

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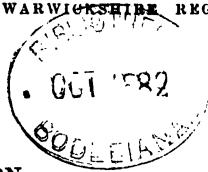
CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF ZULU CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND
HABITS, AFTER A SHORT RESIDENCE IN
THEIR KRAALS,
WITH PORTRAIT OF CETEWAYO, AND 28 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

BY

CAPTAIN W. R. LUDLOW,

FIRST BATTALION R.V. ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.



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P R E F A C E .

IN placing this little volume before the public, I wish to state that it has been compiled mainly from a diary made during a tour in Zululand, and that it was not my intention originally to have ventured into the regions of literature; but recent events in South Africa, together with the interest which does, or ought to, exist in the mind of every Englishman with regard to our Colonies, have induced me to undertake the task.

I am indebted to the Rev. R. Robertson of Kamagwasa, for much valuable and interesting information concerning the history of the Zulu nation, among whom he has spent the greater part of a lifetime; and to Mr. E. C. Mountfort for the manner in which he has reproduced my sketches.

WALTER R. LUDLOW,

SUTTON LODGE, SOLIHULL,

JUNE, 1882.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

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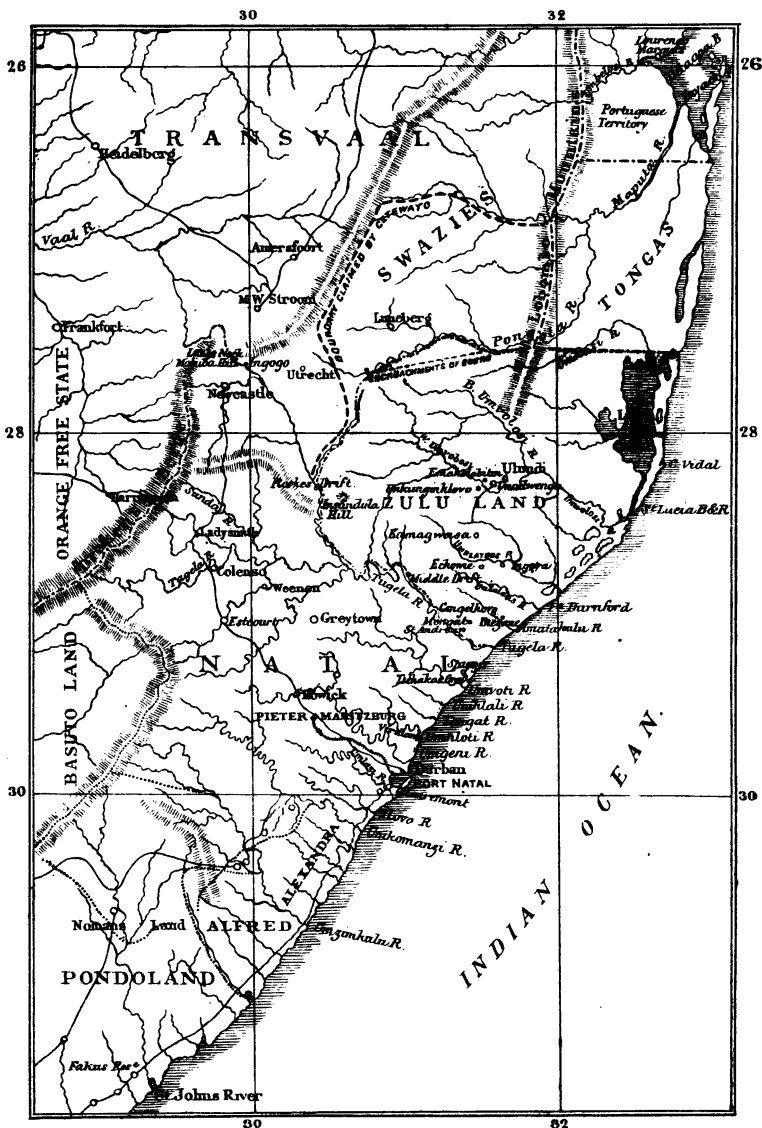
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NOTE.—The author is indebted to Lady Florence Dixie and the proprietors of the *Graphic* for the autograph of Cetewayo, which has been recently obtained.

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MAP OF ZULULAND,
& the Surrounding Countries.



CHAPTER I.

DAY OF DURBAN—THE QUAY—HOTEL—COOLIES—MORNING WALK—
“LOCATIONS”—BANK HOLIDAY—WESTVILLE—EXPENSE OF LIVING
AT DURBAN—NATAL PONIES—BAGGAGE—START FOR ZULULAND
SUGAR MILL—INTEMPERANCE OF THE PEOPLE—TRAVELLING BY
NIGHT—MY GUIDE.

IN the early spring of 1880, I found myself on board the S.S. Melrose, a few miles from Durban, the capital of Natal. The weather had been very bad, a heavy ground-swell and a chopping sea, which made the vessel pitch and roll tremendously. We had to go a long distance from the shore, in consequence of the gale during the night. Towards morning the weather moderated. We expected to arrive at the Point, the entrance to the harbour, about 4 a.m., instead of which, owing to the bad weather, we did not arrive till nearly eight, and missed the tide to carry us over the bar. The shores, as you approach the bluff, a commanding hill at the entrance to the bay, are densely wooded down to the water's edge, and inhabited chiefly by monkeys and snakes. On the top of this hill is a white lighthouse, a signal station, and a

few houses. When we rounded the bluff and steamed into the bay, all that could be seen was a long low sandy ridge, covered with bushes, behind which were the masts of numerous ships. In the background were low wooded hills, with the country houses of the merchants dotted among the trees. Several large ships were lying in the roadstead. Shortly after we anchored, a little tug came puffing off to us to take the mails. The man in charge said, "How much water do you draw?" "Eleven feet eight," our boatswain replied. "Then you are too late to go over the bar." We now knew we should not be able to land for several hours. It is very dreary work, after a long voyage, to have to lie at anchor before going on shore. We were watching the little tug pitching and rolling alongside, when one of the men drew our attention to three sharks, their great grey bodies and white bellies every now and then exposed to view in the green water. A piece of pork was thrown over, and one great monster sailed lazily up to it, opened his great jaws, showing his rows of sharp teeth, gave one snap, and the meat was gone. The butcher and a seaman threw lines over, baited with pork, and endeavoured to tempt a shark by throwing the bait under his nose, as he swam leisurely up to inspect it. He was too sharp, however, and contented himself with a look at it, but when the meat accidentally came off the hook, he condescended to take it. There were a great many about, but we failed to catch one. The tug, which had been transferring

some of our passengers to the Mauritius' boat, at last returned, and we commenced getting the luggage on board, a very long and tedious process. The wind increased, and the tug rose and fell with the waves. The boxes were hauled aloft by the steam winch, and swung out by two men. When the tug came near, the boatswain sung out "let go," and the boxes were deposited on the tug's deck. When the luggage was transferred, a chair was lashed to the rope, and the passengers lowered in the same way. I watched my opportunity when the tug rose, and jumping, was caught by one of the men on the deck. Most of the ladies went down below, and were huddled together in a little cabin without ventilation. At last we were off, the spray dashed over us, as the tug pitched and rolled and tossed about in the heavy sea. We held on like grim death, as the sea swept the deck. A lady below fainted, and had to be brought up, everywhere was confusion and discomfort. We were now in the midst of breakers forming the bar, a little more spray and glimpse of the foaming waves, and we were safely over, steaming along in calm water.

We rounded a sandy point, and were soon alongside the wharf. On the quay were numbers of coolies (Indians) in soldiers' cast-off tunics and many-coloured turbans, and Kaffirs, fine tall fellows, as upright as darts, with little or no clothing to speak of. They soon cleared the tug, and we stepped on shore. Coolie women, dressed in bright red and yellow, were selling

pinces in baskets, which they carried on their heads, or squatting down by piles of bananas and oranges; all was bustle and confusion. The custom house men drove the Zulus and coolies along, in a very different way from which they would treat an English dock labourer. Colonists say that, if you treat them kindly, you spoil them. By the help of the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, I passed my baggage through the custom house, but my guns had to be left behind to be marked and registered. At length we got into the wagonette belonging to the hotel, and were cantering along the dusty road to Durban, a distance of 2 miles. The sun was very hot, and the numerous breaks and omnibuses galloping past, made a fearful dust. There were numbers of houses along the road, each with a broad wooden verandah, and roofed with corrugated iron. Some were very rough and untidy, but others neatly kept, having lovely red and blue flowers growing in the gardens, with palms and tropical plants. The town was very straggling, and the roads of an unusual width, only the centre of the road was macadamised, the sides being covered with deep sand. The hotel looked like a small cottage, but really covered a large area of ground. It was a collection of one-storied buildings, the gentlemen's bedrooms were all round a courtyard some distance from the house, the dining room and billiard room composed one building, the bath-house another, a third contained sitting-rooms and ladies' bedrooms. A number of African birds

were in an aviary by the the front door, a baboon was chained up in the yard, two lemurs were on either side of the kitchen, and various other animals in other parts of the building.

The servants were all coolies, except a few Kaffirs, and they appeared cheerful and contented. As a rule, the Kaffirs do not remain long in service, but when they have saved a little money they return to their kraals.

They live in a native hut in the back yard, and subsist on boiled mealies, or Indian corn, which they cook in a little three-legged Kaffir pot. The coolies are a patient, industrious race; there are about 8,000 of them in Natal, on the sugar plantations, and in the coast towns. They wait very well indeed at table, are respectful, and have a patient, sad-looking expression.

All the doors of the rooms were left open, and the owners' luggage was strewn about under the verandahs. No one thinks of locking anything up, as robberies are so very rare.

The hotel was full, and everyone was talking about the war, which had only recently ended.

I was roused early the following morning by the crowing of hundreds of cocks. They commenced about four o'clock, and kept up the concert until about eight. Not only the cocks, but all the dogs in the town, were saying good morning to each other, and there was a babel of sounds impossible to describe.

In the morning I took a walk into the bush, which comes close up to the town. Insect life was most prolific. Splendid butterflies sailed about in every direction, while moths, dragon-flies, and curious insects of all descriptions, were buzzing and flying about among the flowers. The trees, flowers, and plants were all growing in the most luxuriant confusion, and had never been touched by the hand of man. Strange to say, where the flowers were most plentiful, the butterflies were scarcer than they were in the bye-paths where any rubbish or refuse had been thrown.

At eight o'clock every evening, all the chapel and church bells commenced to ring, and rang for half an hour. It was a signal for the Kaffirs to go to bed, and you then saw them hurrying to their "locations," as they are called.

The Kaffirs employed in the town, unless their master keeps them on the premises, have to sleep in the Kaffir quarters, which are in the suburbs. They are not allowed to be outside their huts between eight in the evening and six in the morning, or they are brought up before the magistrates, and heavily fined.

Every fresh Kaffir, on coming into a town from the country, has to report himself to the police, and is kept in barracks until he finds a situation, should he not succeed in getting one, he is sent back to his kraal.

At the barracks, the Kaffir is provided with a pair of white trousers, the cost of which is deducted from his

pay, and any Kaffir going about in the towns in native dress, or rather undress, is liable to a fine.

All these precautions are necessary on account of the immense preponderance of the black population. There are nearly 300,000 blacks in the Natal borders, and a white population of 20,000.

The various tribes are all kept separate from each other, and are not allowed to go out of their district without special permission.

A magistrate and a staff of police are attached to each "location," and they watch the proceedings of the niggers under them very sharply, in order to prevent any combination of the various tribes against the whites.

The following Monday was Bank Holiday, which is kept in Durban quite as regularly as it is at home. All the places of business were closed, and trips and school-treats were organised in all directions.

I hired a pony, and rode out to a place called Westville, to present a letter of introduction which I had. After getting outside Durban the ground falls, and you cross a marshy flat, which originally formed an arm of the bay, and is very unhealthy. Beyond this, the lovely hills of the Berea commence. These hills are fairly high, about 10 miles long, and from 1 to 3 miles wide, and are even now covered with the densest bush and forest. Thirty years ago, troops of elephants roamed through these woods, and lions, leopards, and antelopes were most abundant. This is now greatly changed, roads

have been cut, parts of the forest have been cleared, and numerous villas have been built on the hill overlooking Durban. It is still, however, a grand forest. When once you are off the road, monkeys are tolerably plentiful, and leopards and buck are still to be found in recesses of the jungle, although, to reach them, a way would have to be cut with a hatchet, so thick is the undergrowth. The trees meet overhead, while flowers, grasses, and delicate ferns flourished on every side.

I passed a large number of wagons, some going up country, laden with hardware, soft goods, and preserved provisions; others coming down with hides and wool, each drawn by sixteen fine bullocks, the two leaders with bells, the driver cracking an enormous hide whip with a bamboo stock, in turn entreating, threatening, and expostulating with his team.

In various places the wagons were drawn up by the roadside, the drivers cooking their food under the wagon, or lolling about on blankets, while the bullocks grazed in the adjacent valleys.

On reaching Westville, which was 1,200 feet higher than Durban, I had a most splendid view, extending for 40 miles. A hilly, tree-covered country lay outstretched before me, with ranges of sharp-peaked mountains in the distance.

My friend's house was a rambling, tumble-down, untidy place. The garden was large, but in the greatest confusion. The orange and lemon trees were bowed down with their weight of fruit. The walks

were edged with pine apples, and the verandah, which was made of bamboo, was covered with vines.

To illustrate the expense of living in Durban at the time I was there, my hotel bill was £5 a week, a riding horse one guinea a day, livery for a horse half-a-guinea a day, a guinea for the carriage of luggage from the steamboat, and other prices in proportion.

Provisions were just as dear. Butter, all tinned, 3s. a lb., eggs 3s. to 3s. 6d. a dozen, meat 10d. a lb., milk 1s. a bottle, and vegetables at a similar rate.

These prices had been higher during the war, and, although there had been a considerable reduction, yet, hotel proprietors and others did not like to come down to the old level.

I soon became tired of the monotony and expense of living in Durban, and began to make preparations for my journey into Zululand.

I first of all went to the Custom House, and redeemed my guns. I had a great deal of trouble, and had to pay £3 7s. for a gun licence, marking the guns, &c. (each gun is numbered on the stock), then I had to go to a magistrate and get a written permission from him to carry arms.

The next week was occupied in trying horses and making excursions into the bush.

The Natal horses or ponies, are small rough wiry little fellows, 13 or 14 hands high, and very hardy. I had brought a saddle from England, which was

made high in the peak, as the crests of all Natal ponies are very high.

In the town the horses' feet are sometimes shod, but seldom, if ever, in the country.

One horse, which I eventually purchased for £21, had just returned from the Zulu War, and, notwithstanding an immense amount of hard work, was in very fair condition. He had been ridden the last 500 miles in a fortnight, and proved to be a very good purchase.

My other steed was a rough Basuto pony, a regular native bred one, with thick head and neck, and long shaggy coat. I gave £20 for him. These were high prices to give, but owing to the war, horses had become very much dearer.

I then purchased, for a few shillings, an old Government pack saddle, with large leather bags on either side, which, with a little alteration, fitted one of the horses very well. Military stores were the only things that were cheap in Durban at this time.

Each of my horses I provided with a headstall bridle, the bit strapping to the headpiece, so that it could be easily removed, to allow the horse to feed. To each headstall, a reim or raw hide rope was attached by a ring, and also a knee halter. The knee halter was a strap padded inside, to fasten round the knee. When the horse is turned out to graze, the reim is unfastened and put through the ring in the knee halter, then pulled tight until the horse's head is brought

within a few inches of his knee, and made fast. In this position he cannot go far, although he can graze, roll over, or lie down with comfort.

I had the traveller's usual paraphernalia of saddle bags, field glass, waterproof bag forming a bed, which was filled with grass every night, and last, but not least, a water bottle supplied by Silver of Cornhill. It was made of gutta percha, covered with thick felt. The object of the felt being to keep the water cool.

My provisions consisted of Liebeg's extract, Goundry's compressed tea, cocoa, compressed vegetables, Kopf's consolidated soups, and other little luxuries.

These, with my cartridges and rifle, made a very fair load for the pack horse.

I tried in vain to procure a guide, but a trustworthy one I could not find. At length, disgusted with the many delays, I started off alone along the coast road, riding one of the horses, and leading the other, to find my way into Zululand as best I could. The road out of the town lay across a low swampy flat, with sand a foot deep, great mud holes, and pools of stagnant water here and there. I had not gone more than a mile, when the pack saddle turned completely round, the load being unevenly balanced, and I had to get off and repack everything. I walked nearly the whole way to the halfway house, so called from being equi-distant from Verulam and Durban. The usual pace of colonial horses is the

“triple,” just between a walk and a trot, and it is wonderful how they get over the ground, scarcely moving you in the saddle. The road was in a dreadful state, till I arrived at the Umgeni River, on the other side of which there was a hard road all the way to the frontier.

The scenery beyond the river was very beautiful. The road winding round the hills, which are covered in many places with thick bush and fine timber. It is being sadly thinned, however, and great piles of logs which were being made into charcoal on the steep hill sides, showed the great destruction that was going on. All the clearings were planted with sugar cane, coffee, tobacco, and all kinds of tropical produce, with coolies' huts dotted about in all directions. You might almost imagine yourself in India, as with the exception of a few Kaffirs here and there, all are Indians. Each Indian's hut has a long pole in front of it, with a number of coloured rags fluttering from it. These are charms to keep off the evil spirits. I off-saddled at the halfway house, a snug little inn, kept by a garrulous old gentleman who had evidently seen better days, by no means an unusual character in Natal.

Two naked Kaffirs took charge of my horses, rubbed them down, and gave them a feed of crushed mealies.

I had supper with the proprietor and his wife. Throughout Natal it is the custom for the landlord and

his family to take their meals with the travellers. Our supper consisted of new milk, a great luxury, fresh butter, a rarity, Natal marmalade, beef, stewed oysters, etc.

The moon rose as I continued my journey. The white tents of wagons outspanned for the night under the trees, with the bright camp fires, and the dusky forms of the niggers seated round them, sharply defined against the dark back ground, formed a pleasing picture. About ten o'clock I reached Verulam, a pretty little village, and put up for the night. The village consisted of one long street of scattered houses, and is the terminus of a railway from Durban.

The following day I traversed a similar kind of country, making a detour to visit a sugar mill. It was situated at the bottom of one of the hills, and the mill power was derived from water from a river. Round the mill, which was a plain white-washed building, were heaps of sugar cane, with coolies busily stripping off the tops and carrying the cane to the mill. A powerful crusher pressed from the cane the juice, which was conveyed by a pipe into the mill, the pulp going into a little wagon which was drawn up the hill by hydraulic power, and discharged its load over the top. The pulp was then dried and used for fuel. The juice ran through a sieve, into a small tank in the mill, and a coolie kept clearing out the pieces of pulp which came with it from the crusher. It then passed into purifiers, or large tanks, where naked coolies, up to their knees in

juice, were ladling it from one tank to the other, while others were taking the scum off as it rose to the surface. From here it went into other tanks, called clarifiers, and was then cooked. It was next conducted into a large copper retort, from which it came out thick brown sugar. It was now allowed to stand in large shallow tanks, and when partially dry, was dug out with spades by coolies, and put into revolving sieves, which forced any remaining juice through the sieve, and left beautiful white sugar behind, which a large number of coolie women were busy sewing up into bags. Many of these women were covered with valuable silver and gold jewellery and bangles.

Drinking goes on to a fearful extent, in the country, and the number of men I met during my trip, who were in a state of delirium tremens, or recovering from an attack of it, was astonishing.

Spirits are very cheap. The most wholesome and universally drunk is Hollands gin, called in many places "square face," on account of the shape of the bottles.

Cheap brandy, commonly known as "Cape smoke," and Natal rum, made from the sugar cane, are drunk in great quantities.

The roads in the colony have often four or five different branches, which meet together again. When one road gets bad, you ride or drive on the other, and, as new roads are continually being made, travelling by night without a guide is very puzzling. My way

AN AFRICAN NIGHT.

lay over a plain. The night was pitch dark, and I had great difficulty in keeping in the right direction.

Night in South Africa is a most enchanting time. The fire-flies were in countless thousands in the bushes by the roadside, and it looked as if the dark foliage was covered with living diamonds.

In the marshes, on either bank of several streams which I crossed, a ghostly blue light glanced along the tops of the rushes, which I took for the will-o'-the-wisp, but which was only the light given by some nocturnal insect.

The ceaseless hum of crickets, and the chirp of other species of the same family, together with the hoarse croaking of thousands of frogs, kept up a continual chorus all along the road.

It was so dark in places, that I had to throw the reins over my pony's bridle, and leave him to find the road. At length I pulled up at a wayside inn.

The following morning, two men came in to breakfast. Both were mounted on sturdy ponies, and had evidently seen a good deal of rough service.

In course of conversation I found out, that one of them, named Adams, had that morning returned from Sukukuni's country, and had ridden through Zululand on his way to Natal. I asked him about the condition of the country, which he said was quiet, and also about procuring a guide. He said that he would go with me, if I would give him the same pay as he had had in the transport service—namely, £12 a month. I finally

agreed with him for £10 a month, he finding his own provisions and horse.

Adams was an exceedingly handsome, soldier-like man, with expressive features. He had hunted and traded in Zululand since he was a boy. He had been twice into the country beyond the Zambesi, and had met Dr. Livingstone in one of his expeditions. He could speak all the Kaffir dialects like a native, and I could not possibly have found a better or more suitable companion. During the war he was twice wounded, and his wounds had barely healed when I met him. While he had been riding with the advanced guard of cavalry, one day, a bullet from a Zulu rifle took a piece off the forefinger and thumb of his right hand. When this was dressed and bound up, he resumed his duties, guiding his horse with his left hand. A few days after, in another skirmish, a Zulu fired at him, at close quarters. The gun was loaded with pieces of old iron pots, and three pieces struck him in the back of the left hand, inflicting a very nasty wound. When the wound was dressed, he remounted and rode on, a Kaffir leading his horse.

I give this brief sketch of my companion, in order to show his determined character, and because his name will be frequently mentioned in these pages.

CHAPTER II.

GOODS TO BARTER WITH THE ZULUS—THE “NAPOLEON” OF SOUTH AFRICA—UMVOTI MISSION STATION MISSIONARIES—STANGER NEW GUELDERLAND—CURE FOR SNAKE BITES—EXORTIBANT HOTEL CHARGES—BORDER AGENT’S LICENSE—ADAMS HAS AN ADVENTURE—MR. FYNNEY, THE BORDER AGENT—HIS DESCRIPTION OF AN INTERVIEW WITH CETEWAYO—FORT PEARSON—FORT, TENEDOS, ST. ANDREW’S MISSION STATION.

WE were up at sunrise, and very busy making our final preparations, seeing that all the straps on the pack saddles were secure, examining the horses’ shoes and generally overlooking everything. We bought goods to barter with the Zulus, two pieces of salampore—a kind of thin blue cloth, each piece measuring about 30 yards, a quantity of beads of various colours, and a few dozen butchers’ knives, with black handles and ornamented hilts. These knives were extra good ones, and we were told that it would be rather rough on the traders who followed us, as this kind of knife cost twice as much as the ordinary one, and the Zulus are sharp enough to know a good article when they see it. A few yards of the most gaudily coloured, yellow, red, and black handkerchiefs completed our outfit. About eleven o’clock we made a start. The country was very much like what I have already described, but wilder and more uncultivated. A few

sugar plantations were to be seen. We soon passed the site of the old military kraal of the renowned Zulu chief Tschaka, who has been called the Napoleon of South Africa, on account of his uninterrupted career of conquest, and because, like Cetewayo, he converted the Zulu nation into a vast man-slaving machine.

We soon arrived at the Umvoti Mission Station, situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the valley. It is very picturesque, and on each side of the road are neat mud huts, with overhanging thatched roofs forming verandahs in front, and shaded by fine trees. The huts are kept very tidy, many having glass windows and white-washed walls. Round each is a small garden, with patches of melons, Kaffir corn and fruit trees. Under the verandahs were playing about groups of little blacks, perfectly naked, while the father of the family leant on his hoe in his mealie garden, lazily smoking his pipe, and gazing at any passers by. These fellows, more especially the Kaffirs at mission stations, want no excuse to leave off the little work they do. It is amusing to watch one of them pretending to work, he will stick his hoe into the ground, then squat down and proceed to light his pipe; after a considerable interval he will again rouse himself sufficiently to handle his hoe; now one of his boys comes out, and he manages by dint of great exertion to get two or three weeds out of the ground, which he does not deign to pick up, but gets his boy or wife to collect into a heap for him, and to take them

away; another Kaffir passing by comes to have a chat, when they both squat down to smoke and talk, and in this way the work goes on all day, varied by short naps. In the centre of the village is the school and church, and here the little blacks are taught to read and write. The missionaries, who are Americans, must have a very up-hill task, as it is almost hopeless to endeavour to Christianize the adult Kaffir. Many missionaries go on a wrong principle; they think to convert at once, a man who has lived in barbarism all his life. This is too sudden and too violent a revolution to effect. Although the Kaffir is wily enough to see where his own interests are concerned, and will pretend to believe anything. He will even go so far as to have only one wife, clothe himself decently, attend church, and even join in the singing, but at heart he remains a heathen still. While he is living at the mission station all goes well, but very often, if he goes away to attend any meetings of his tribe, or joins in any hunt where he meets with his friends; he puts his Christianity aside with his clothes, and the patient labour and teaching of years, perhaps, is lost.

Many people doubtless have heard of the story of the two young sons of a Maori chief, whose father was killed in one of our New Zealand wars, in the early days of the colony. These children were captured by our troops and brought home to England, received a good education, and when grown up were sent back to New Zealand to attempt to civilize their

tribe. On coming in sight of their old home, the appetising odour of human flesh was wafted over the plain, and immediately all the old savage instincts, which had only been veneered with a thin coat of civilisation, rose up in their breasts, and with a wild yell, tearing off their clothes, they rushed forward and joined the circle sitting round the flesh pots, greedily devouring what was left of the disgusting feast. I merely quote this story to show how difficult the task is to Christianize barbarians, for the feelings which prompted these Maories to return to their old habits is, more or less, inherent in all savage nations.

The Germans are the most successful missionaries, they realise the hopelessness of converting the adult Kaffir at once, and direct their chief attention to teaching him the arts of civilisation, hoping by this means in time to draw him to Christianity. Among the children, I believe, the missionaries are doing a very good work, which will bear fruit in the next generation.

The colonists are very much prejudiced against mission Kaffirs, and will not employ one if they can possibly help it; they prefer to get a raw Kaffir, straight from his kraal, as they say that, the adult mission Kaffir has learnt most of the vices with very few of the virtues of the white man, and that the former is far more tractable, honest, and truthful than he who is supposed to have embraced Christianity. How far this may be true I am not prepared to say, but that the colonists do object to Kaffirs from mission stations is

an undoubted fact. Their own uncivilised people, too, look upon them with no great favour, and at many kraals we found them treated with the greatest contempt.

In one kraal we went to we offered some special handkerchiefs in exchange for mealies, and although they were superior to some others, which they gladly accepted, they would not have them. They said, "If we put those things on our heads we shall be taken for mission Kaffirs, and everyone in the kraal will despise us."

On reaching the crest of the hill a magnificent scene presented itself. Miles and miles of wooded hill and valley succeeded one another, each hill differing in shape from its neighbour, and the broad river Umvoti winding in and out down the centre of valley, looking like a thin streak of silver, and glistening in the rays of the tropical sun. The drift, as all the fords are called, was very broad and shallow, the water being as clear as crystal and icy cold, running over the perfectly gold coloured sand, golden in two senses, for gold is obtained from it, but not in sufficiently large quantities to pay for the washing. Several mission Kaffir women, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, were busily engaged washing linen, while one or two of their lazy lords and masters were watching them from the bank, with a smile of satisfaction on their good natured looking countenances.

About two o'clock we arrived at Stanger, and outspanned. We had a capital lunch of boiled beef and sweet potatoes, together with boiled rice, as well as tea and coffee, which are taken at every meal up country.

On the walls of the room I noticed the horns of the hartebeeste, wildebeeste, reedbuck, duiker, and blesbuck. In nearly every roadside house some of these trophies of the chase are to be seen. Inspanning at four, we walked nearly all the way to New Guelderland, a distance of 6 miles. The sun goes down about five, and the country being open, looks very wild and weird, the tall thistles having a ghost-like appearance, while large owls, fly noiselessly about, pouncing upon the moths and insects which fly abroad at sunset. In many places were, immense beds of tall reeds, which, a few years ago were inhabited by countless hippopotami, but are now tenanted by numerous crocodiles, ducks, and snakes. From these reed beds rose a thick grey mist, and from the deepest recesses came the plaintive croak of thousands of frogs, while, occasionally, a splash and loud quack showed that an unfortunate duck had either fallen a victim to, or was endeavouring to escape from its scaly enemies.

The hotel at New Guelderland was most picturesque. It consisted of a long, low, one-storied building, with a thatched roof, and verandah running the whole length of it. The walls were of daub and wattle—that is, basket work plastered over with mud, which hardens in the sun. The floors of the rooms, and a large space

in front were of hardened mud, as hard as asphalte, in spite of the heavy rains. New Guelderland is exclusively a Dutch settlement. This district had been in a very disturbed state since the war. The Kaffir contingent had been disbanded directly it crossed the Tugela, and most of them having spent their money in drink, and being dissolute, idle vagabonds, had committed numerous robberies and acts of violence. The previous night the hotel had been attacked and a large sum of money taken, and two other stores had been broken into, so the place was in a great state of excitement when we arrived. The bar was crowded with Dutchmen, all vowing that they would shoot any of the gang of disbanded Kaffirs they came across, and talking of organising a party to scour the adjacent country, and examine all the kraals in the district. There were five travellers stopping in the house, a very unusual circumstance, so Adams and I had to make up two beds in the sitting-room, and very little sleep we got, as the uproar in the bar was kept up until a very late hour. I was very much annoyed on opening my valise to find a bottle of Eau de Luce broken. Eau de Luce, or spirits of ammonia, is said to be a certain cure for snake bites, provided it is given immediately after the bite. The dose is fifteen drops every quarter of an hour, and I was told of many extraordinary cases of recovery from the bite of the mamba, the most poisonous snake in Natal. Adams always carried a small phial in his pocket, and although never bitten

himself, he had been the means of saving the lives of many people. His brother had been bitten by a green mamba in the thigh. He had accidentally trodden on it in the grass, and rearing itself up it bit him through the trousers, just above his long riding boots. Adams administered Eau de Luce to him every fifteen minutes for ten hours, and in addition, he frequently gave him neat gin and rum. When he found him getting weaker, the quantity of spirits was increased. At one time his legs were quite cold, and he was almost in a state of collapse, when large doses of raw spirits were administered, and in the end he completely recovered. It is marvellous, what a large quantity of spirits a man bitten by a snake can take, without getting intoxicated. When the alcohol begins to affect him, and he has a fair amount of strength left, then there is a chance of his recovery, but excessive doses of alcohol must be taken into the system to counteract the effect of the poison.

The next morning our landlord presented his bill to Adams, after breakfast. It amounted to 25s., a most exorbitant charge. My companion did not make any remark, but showed it to me, and said, "I will do this rascally old Hollander." So he quietly went off to the stables, inspanned—that is, saddled the horses, brought them round to the front of the house, and then proceeded to settle the bill. After a good deal of wrangling, he put down 10s. in payment of the account, walked out of the bar, and we rode off amid the vociferations and angry gesticulations of the Dutch inn-

keeper and his friends. During the war these canteen keepers fleeced the English officers and men, and they do not like now to drop down to their old prices. Our way now lay through a most beautiful and hilly country, the first part of it by narrow Kaffir paths, through thick sugar plantations. Occasionally a mamba would glide stealthily across the path in front of us, or a huge rat would bolt into the thick cane brake. On getting clear of the cane plantations, we came to a large patch of burnt grass, many acres in extent, studded with delicate pink and yellow orchids, forming a beautiful and striking contrast to the inky black soil; now we passed a tract of country covered with the most luxuriant green grass, on which large herds of cattle were seen grazing. The season being one long summer, with alternate heavy rains and long droughts, the grass grows up thick and rank and soon gets dry, so that the cattle will not touch it. It is then burnt, and in a very short time, a crop of sweet green grass springs up. The cattle are thus kept supplied with fresh pasturage. The country now became thickly wooded with thorn and mimosa trees, the grass underneath growing rank and strong. This part is very thickly populated with Zulu refugees, who had fled from the tyranny of successive rulers. About 30,000 are located in this district. There were large kraals on every hill. We saw long lines of Kaffirs in every direction carrying their mats and little household gods on their heads, and a bundle of sticks and knobkerries, a kind of club,

in their hands. We arrived at Webber's Store at twelve, and saw several pieces of venison hanging in the verandah, off which we made an excellent lunch. In the afternoon, Adams rode to see the border agent, and get his permission to cross into Zululand, or we should have been delayed several days in getting a magistrate's order from Stanger. No one is allowed to cross without an order from a magistrate countersigned by the border agent. On this order the business of the holder is specified, the number of his guns stated, also an account of any stores he may be taking with him. The ordinary trader is not allowed to carry a firearm of any description, nor any ammunition, and only just enough alcohol for his own personal requirements. At only three places is it permitted to cross the river Tugela, which forms the frontier of Zululand, and it is impossible to try to cross at any other drift, as John Dunn's native policemen watch his frontier, and the border agent's, ours. In order to trade in Zululand, it is necessary to pay Dunn's agents £25 for a licence for every wagon load of goods, and £5 for every package carried by niggers, which licence is available for twelve months.

Adams did not return till very late, and we were somewhat alarmed at his prolonged absence. He had had an unpleasant adventure. Meeting an old friend of his, they rode part of the way back together, when a duiker, a species of small buck, rushing out of a patch of bush, started his friend's

horse, which ran away with him for more than a mile through the woods, finally falling into a hole, throwing him against the trunk of a tree, and breaking one of his ribs. Adams made him as comfortable as he could, and getting some Kaffirs to carry him to a neighbouring kraal, galloped off to New Guelderland a distance of 12 miles, for a doctor. Finding none there, he had to send to Stanger, 6 miles further. Altogether he had ridden something like 52 miles since morning.

We found this part of the country infested with snakes, being one of the worst districts in the colony. The proprietor of the store informed us that, a few days before our arrival, he had lost two horses from snake bites, and that he had shot a mamba, ten feet long in his stable. We were also told that, many Kaffirs and two white men had lost their lives within a very short time. About 300 yards from the store, at the bottom of the hill, was a brook. A Kaffir boy was minding some cattle on the other side of this stream, and one afternoon Webber saw this boy running up the hill crying out "Boss, boss, mamba, mamba," his master at once knew he had been bitten, and rushed into the house for some Eau de Luce. When he came out again, the boy had dragged himself up to the verandah, where he died in a few minutes. The exertion of running up the hill had driven the poison quickly through his veins, and thus caused his death earlier than would have been the case had he walked up quietly.

Notwithstanding the mambas, we were obliged to turn our horses loose in the veldt, as there was no forage of any kind for them. My slumbers were very much disturbed by visions of mambas of all colours and of bolting horses, and before sunrise I was up scouring the veldt with my field glass, and was greatly relieved to see the horses grazing peacefully half a mile away. In-spanning early, we rode to Mr. Fynny's, the border agent, who has spent all his life in organising and controlling the vast number of Zulus who have emigrated to Natal, and is more intimately acquainted with Zululand than most men. In the course of conversation, he strongly defended the policy of Sir Bartle Frere in connection with the Zulu War, and said it was one of the grandest strokes of policy ever inaugurated, and undoubtedly saved the colony from being overrun by Cetewayo's savage legions, at a time when there were no troops to defend it, and when the colonists were not at all prepared. "I saw," he continued, "war was brewing four or five years before, and I repeatedly warned the authorities. A year previous to the outbreak I went to Ulundi to sound Cetewayo. I had always been a great friend of his, and he and I thoroughly understood each other. On this occasion I noticed a great change in him, he was most patronising." He said to me, "I do not want to go to war, I am a friend of the English, and wish to remain a friend, and I would do anything for you, but I have

40,000 young men who wish to wash their spears. May I not eat the Amatongas up?" I told him that he must not, as the Amatongas were our friends, and we would not allow them to be 'eaten up.' He said, "What right have you to tell me I may not wash my young men's spears in the blood of the Amatongas? Yet, to please you I will not send an impi into Tonga land, but may I not just send one little impi against the Swazis?" I replied that it would not be allowed. Then he said, "You have not treated me well, you refuse to let me fight the Tongas and the Swazis, and you decided in favour of the dogs of Boers, who have deprived me of part of my territory. If I liked I could take the territory, you and the Boers have robbed me of, and I could destroy every farm in the Boers' land." Then rising up with feelings of pride and anger, he said, "I, myself, do not wish for war, but I could wipe the English out. I have only to give the word, and my young men spring up like a valley full of reeds. I could make the hills burn with fire. I could 'eat up' all the English, and yet have an appetite. I cannot restrain my young men any longer." I left him, fully convinced that war was inevitable, as he was quite impressed with a sense of his own power.

After about an hour's rest, we rode to the Tugela drift, where there is an excellent inn. The scenery here was very picturesque, wooded hill and valley on the Natal side of the Tugela, and countless small

hills covered with long grass on the Zulu side. The dark blue Indian Ocean was plainly visible in the distance, with the white streak of foam, showing where the surf broke over the bar at the mouth of the river.

On the right of the drift was Fort Pearson, situated on a commanding hill, the wattled huts, commissariat, store, and officers' mess hut, just as the troops had left them but very much overgrown with weeds and bananas. On a hill in the rear was the hospital, and near it the graveyard, shaded by several gigantic euphorbia or cactus trees. There were a great many graves neatly fenced in, and each had a headstone bearing the name and regiment of the deceased. The saddest sight in Zululand is the number of these graveyards. Wherever there had been a halt, you saw one of these melancholy records of the war, some containing only three or four, and others as many as twenty graves. Fever, caused by the defective water supply, was the chief cause of death. Fort Pearson is very strongly constructed, with gabions made of strips of galvanised iron, and filled with earth, with an inner citadel, and telegraph office. The slopes in front were strewn with old biscuit and preserved meat cans, here an old ammunition wagon thrown on its side, and there a dilapidated gun-carriage. At the drift were the remains of the pontoon bridge and several of the punts. Hanging in front of the hotel verandah were the jaws of a shark, killed by the landlord's son with an assegai while crossing the drift, and now hung up as a warning to travellers.

The drift was about 400 yards wide, and dangerous on account of the shifting nature of the sands. On the further side was Fort Tenedos, and several intrenchments in places across the road, or rather, track. These extensive works were made after the disastrous defeat at Isandula, and the retreat from Echowie; and we were told that the Zulus came and danced along the top of the hills, and jeered and taunted our soldiers lying behind these intrenchments. There was plenty of game on the Zulu side. Paauw, or bustard, a large bird, weighing about 40 lbs., and Koran, or the lesser bustard, and plovers were to be seen, although rather wary, and difficult to shoot. We met two of Dunn's white people coming down to the colony, one of them was riding a wretched, rough, scarecrow-looking pony. Adams said, "That's the best pony in this part of South Africa. Dubulumanzi, Cetewayo's brother, rode it all through the war, and owed his life to its speed in carrying him away from the battle of Ulundi." As the sun was going down, we began to look out for some shelter for the night, and as the kraals about here were all destroyed, we made for St. Andrew's Mission Station. It was a most miserable place, in a state of complete ruin, having been burnt by the Zulus. The orange trees in the garden had been rooted up, and only the four walls and a portion of the roof of the station were left standing. It had been a large place, and several families of Zulus, who had returned to their country,

had taken up their abode in it. They were in a most wretched state, having very little to eat, the newly-planted mealies, or Indian corn, not having had time to ripen. On going into the largest room, which formerly had been used as a chapel, a painful scene of ruin and desecration was presented to us. In one corner was a harmonium, battered and hacked about with assegais and stones, the whole of the interior mechanism pulled out and strewn about the floor. On the walls were a few texts which had escaped destruction, and in the corner a bundle of old newspapers, while, parts of old broken bedsteads, mattresses with coverings cut open, and the contents strewn around, made chaos and confusion of what had once been the church. Not a vestige of anything was to be found in any of the other rooms; and these few things would not have escaped utter destruction, had not the Zulus, while engaged in the work of plunder, been interrupted by a party of our irregular cavalry.



TRAVELLING IN ZULULAND.



J. Dunn

CHAPTER III.

"MONGAT," JOHN DUNN'S RESIDENCE—"EATING UP"—ZULU CATTLE
—ZULU SHIELDS—GARGA AND PANGOOLA—HORRORS OF CIVIL
WAR—ZULU DRESS—THEIR HONESTY—TRANSPORT RIDERS—
ZULU BEER.

EARLY on the morning of June 1st, we arrived at Mongat, "The Place of Execution," the principal residence of Chief Dunn. He was not in, having gone to his northern residence to hold a court there. All his country is divided into sub-districts, over each of which he has appointed a white magistrate thoroughly conversant with Zulu customs and habits. They decide all trivial cases, mark out the amount of grazing land which is attached to each kraal, take account of all the cattle in their district, and collect tribute. Each native pays 5s. a year in kind for his hut, and in addition, Chief Dunn receives a present of cattle from every kraal. In all the districts, a certain number of Chief Dunns' cattle graze, and are looked after by the natives in the district. If a Zulu steals any cattle, or trespasses on his neighbour's ground, or misbehaves himself, the magistrates levy a fine, and if he still remains obstinate he is "eaten up," that is a small impi, or body of armed men is sent against him. Formerly, "eating up" meant sending an impi which

killed not only the offender but his wives, children, and all his blood relations, male and female, and very often all the unfortunate people who happened to be in the same kraal, their huts were burnt, and their mealie gardens laid waste. This punishment is now only resorted to when there is really an offence committed, and then carried out in a milder form, all the cattle being taken away, and the kraals and mealie gardens destroyed, but the offender's own family alone suffer. Before resorting to these measures, Chief Dunn's magistrates make diligent enquiries and hold a court of the head men of the district. A few days before we came here an impi had been sent to "eat up" some chiefs who had refused to deliver up Cetewayo's cattle, which they had driven off from Ulundi before the battle, the cattle had been re-captured and brought to Mongat.

Mongat is situated on the side of a low hill. Half way down the hill side is the cattle kraal, an immense circular enclosure. A cattle kraal is made of branches of trees about 10ft. long, the ends buried firmly in the ground; the tops crossing each other, are kept in their places by being interlaced with smaller branches. The entrance is about 7ft. high, and just wide enough to admit a bullock. The Zulu cattle, especially those of Cetewayo's, are magnificent animals, with long branching horns. It is amusing to see them being driven into the kraal through the narrow doorway, their horns being too wide to go through, they lower their heads and bring them into a slanting position.

At night this entrance is blocked up with heavy pieces of wood. The horns of Zulu cattle are of the most extraordinary shapes, some are lyre shaped, others have a twist in them, and some are like the horns of a reed buck. The cattle are of all colours and combinations of colours, pure white, black and white, red and white, spotted, and the most delicate shades of slates, roans, and browns. The Zulus take great pride in the marking of their cattle, as all the war and dress shields are made from cow hides. Each regiment in the king's army had its own peculiar coloured shield. The black, or young men's regiment, having black shields; the black and white, or married men's regiment, bearing black and white shields, and so on. The war shields are about 5ft. high and 3ft. wide, with a stick run through the back, at the top of which is a plume made of wild-cat's skin, and hanging in front from this are two bullocks' tails. The dress-shields are much smaller, and some of the smallest carried only by the young Zulus, are not very much larger than the palm of the hand. These dress-shields do not have the bullocks' tails in front, but with this exception are made precisely like the war shields.

On the crest of the hill was a large brick building partly built, which, when finished, was to be the court-house, clustering round it were a collection of galvanized iron huts, used as the offices and the dwelling-houses of Chief Dunn's wives and numerous family. A large

neglected looking garden, planted with fruit trees, completed the picture.

In one of the huts was a collection of guns, rifles, swords, helmets, bottles, flasks, and property of all kinds captured by the Zulus at Isandula and the Intombe river, where one of our convoys was surprised.

About two o'clock the "boys"—all Kaffirs are called boys—which had been sent to act as our servants came up, so we lost no time in inspanning and continuing our journey.

As it was getting dusk, we arrived at Brunner's Store, situated in a bleak desolate spot. It had been used as a commissariat dépôt during the war, and converted into a Kaffir store. This and another one farther on are the only two that have been opened at the present time in Zululand. All these up country stores have an untidy neglected look about them. The proprietor was standing in the doorway smoking, dressed in garments which an English navvy would think twice before he put them on.

Our two "boys" were named Garga and Pangoola, and were fine specimens of Zulus. They escaped into Natal when Cetewayo overthrew his brothers; since then they have lived in the colony.

Adams said that the whole country round here is one mass of skeletons, now, of course, covered over with vegetation. That for twelve miles north of the Tugela drift the corpses of men, women, and children lay in heaps. At one time he had come across twenty or thirty

dead bodies, some so pierced with assegai thrusts that they could not be recognised. The corpse of a woman lay in one place with a child on her back, both pierced by the same assegai. He said, the horrors of the retreat of the defeated army could not be adequately described. The river Tugela and the other streams were choked with dead bodies, and in many places had literally run blood. The Natal mounted police and burgers lined the frontier, expecting that Cetewayo's victorious army thirsting for more blood, would cross the Tugela and attack the colonists.

The greatest slaughter took place on the banks of the Tugela near the drift, hundreds being butchered in the water. Both Garga and Pangoola lost nearly every relative they had, and told us that nearly one-fourth of the Zulu nation perished. Some of the horrors perpetrated are too dreadful to relate.

Garga and Pangoola's outfits were very simple, and a description of what one of them wore will give a good idea of the ordinary dress of the Zulu. Garga had on a mouche, or apron, made of catskins, round his waist, and several iron and brass rings round his legs and arms. These bracelets and rings are made from the hair of the wildebeeste, or gnu, wire is twisted round the hair and ornamented with brass or copper knobs. On his head he carried his sleeping mat, made of rushes, plaited together with the sinews taken from various animals. Round his sleeping mat was the usual Kaffir blanket, which served him as a covering

at night, and a cloak during the cold hours after sundown and in the early morning. The mat and blanket are strapped together with two bands of flags. Rolled inside the mat are two knobkerries, or sticks, with a big knob of hard wood at the end. They are used to knock down birds and small buck, and occasionally in fighting. With the knobkerries was a short assegai, so called from the shaft being made of the wood of the assegai tree. The short or stabbing assegai, is about 3ft. long, the blade being short and broad, fastened to the shaft by a piece of green hide, which is put round wet, and being exposed to the sun's rays shrinks and fastens the blade securely to the shaft. On the top of the mats was tied a small palm leaf basket, containing tobacco, a small calabash or gourd, filled with hippopotamus' oil, to anoint himself with, and a wooden pillow carved out to fit the hollow of the neck. In his hair, which is arranged differently in nearly every district, was stuck a porcupine quill, to pick out any thorns he might get in his feet while travelling, a long thin ivory spoon, rather like a large cayenne spoon, which is used to reach snuff from the bottom of the reed snuff boxes. In his ear, which had a long slit made in it, was a snuff box, made of reed, stopped up at each end with a piece of calabash, the outside ornamented with lozenge-shaped decorations, stained with indigo.

The Zulus are exceedingly honest, and have a wonderful memory, and Garga was no exception to the rule, as the following incident will show. He was with Adams in the Zulu country, just before the war broke out, and was driving ten head of cattle down to Natal, when, hearing that an "impi" was in front of him, he abandoned the cattle, and under cover of the darkness escaped to the frontier. He mentioned to Adams that he was very sorry he had lost the cattle, but it was no fault of his, he was responsible for them and he would find them again for him. Adams had almost forgotten the circumstance, as it had occurred two years ago. I laughed at the idea of his finding them, but Adams said that if the cattle were alive and anywhere in the Zulu country he would find them. He left us at Ingoya, to find the cattle lost a few miles from there two years before. By patient perseverance he tracked some of them, and in about two months time brought six head down to Natal. The other four beasts he traced to Magwenda's kraal, and Adams made Magwenda give him four other beasts in exchange. The whole time we were in the country I never lost anything, although my baggage was left strewn about the huts we occupied, and totally unguarded. The people are also exceedingly careful, and although at times they are very slow in starting, they never leave anything behind.

Two transport riders drew up at the door soon after sunrise, and found us at breakfast. They were fine-

looking men, both of Dutch extraction, with rough shaggy beards and bronzed weather-beaten faces. Each wore the usual transport rider's dress, a large felt billy-cock hat, with a broad brim, in the band of which was stuck a variety of feathers. In their ears were small gold earrings. Their clothing consisted of a rough flannel shirt, cord riding breeches, and long riding boots, in the top of which was stuck a hunting knife, and a heavy riding whip was carried in the hand, but otherwise they were unarmed. Transport riding is a regular profession in the colonies, and a hard adventurous life it is. One transport rider has charge of two or three wagons laden with goods, which he barter with the niggers for cattle, sheep, goats, hides, and skins.

All transport riders, traders, and hunters, as a rule, are very uncommunicative, and you may sit down to a meal together, and beyond a few questions, such as "How is trade up country?" "What are the prices of hides?" "Is there much sickness among the cattle?" you rarely hear them speak, and, after the meal, the inevitable pipe and coffee are discussed in silence. About what goes on in the great outside world they know little, and care less. They neither read newspapers nor books. They have forgotten how to write a letter long ago, and often lose a great deal of their own language. All of them speak the various Kaffir dialects fluently, and frequently carry on a conversation in Kaffir with their own countrymen.

Good nature and generosity are special features in their character, and they are cool and daring from being accustomed to face danger daily. Many of them have not slept in a bed for years. Their wants are few and simple, a little coffee, sugar, flour, and tobacco is all they require, and they rely upon their guns to make any additions to their larder. Very often they will go without food for days together, and, naturally, by force of circumstances, lose many of the refinements of civilisation, and adopt the food and manner of living of the Kaffirs.

The district we were in abounded with deer, and at one time we could count as many as thirty or forty of several varieties, browsing among the low thorn trees, not many hundred yards from the store. We sent up to the nearest Induna, or head man, to get up a hunt, but to our disappointment he refused to come, saying, there had been a wedding at his kraal, and in consequence a great beer drinking, and all his young men had the "stomach-ache," and were, therefore, unable to come.

The Zulu beer must not be associated with any ideas of Bass and Allsopp's productions. It is a very thick fluid, of the colour of light brown sugar, slightly acid, very refreshing, and fattening at the same time.

The beer is made out of Kaffir corn, or millet. The corn is first malted, then ground between two stones, and dried in the sun. It is next boiled in water and allowed to ferment, and when fermented, is ready for

use. Of course, it has to be made fresh, as it will not keep. You can drink a great deal of it without being affected in the least, as it only contains a small amount of alcohol.



MONGAT.

CHAPTER IV.

TRANSPORT SERVICE DURING THE WAR—BATTLEFIELD OF INEEZANE—
DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE—ZULU PLAN OF FIGHTING—FORT
CREALOCK—AMATONGAS.

NEXT day we inspanned and proceeded along the military road. This is the route which the column that marched to the relief of Colonel Pearson, at Echowie, took, and it was strewn with the bones of dead oxen, picked clean by the numerous vultures and eagles, and old meat tins lay scattered about at frequent intervals along the road.

The number of oxen that were lost during the war was enormous, and arose in a great degree through the mismanagement and ignorance of the transport authorities, who totally ignored colonial opinion until they found themselves in difficulties. The colonists then assisted them in every way, for which advice and assistance, they were grudgingly thanked.

As an illustration of the way the transport service was conducted, the following is a very fair example. An immense train of wagons started from Pietermaritzburg, to go up to the northern column, operating near the frontier of the Transvaal. The transport officer, a man fresh from England, and totally inexperienced, drew up an elaborate programme of the

route. So many miles were to be done one day, so many miles the next, and at certain fixed spots along the road the wagons were to be outspanned and the cattle grazed. The outspanning and inspanning was to take place at certain fixed hours, and to be done at the sound of the bugle, and any conductor, as the wagon leaders were called, was to be subjected to military punishment in case he disobeyed any orders.

The orders were read out, and although many of the conductors protested against them, as being totally impracticable, their arguments were not listened to.

The wagon train started on its journey. Now, a train of 100 wagons, covers something like 4 miles of ground, and the rate a wagon goes at, taking into account the numerous difficulties of the road, is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The bugle sounds for the wagons to outspan, which the leading one does, and each in succession as it comes up. The last wagon would not arrive at the camping ground till nearly three hours after the first wagon had outspanned, but notwithstanding this, a couple of hours later, the bugle again sounds for the march, and every conductor had to inspan his cattle, and keep them waiting in their yokes, perhaps, for hours, before they would be able to move off. The consequence of this was, the wretched oxen in the rear, died from sheer fatigue and starvation, and their bones whitened the road. Fully one-sixth of the oxen perished, whereas, had there been a little common sense used, the mortality among the cattle

would have been very small. It did not matter to the Transport officer if all the oxen died, he did not care, for he could get plenty more at the rate of £60 a piece, about four times what they were worth, and as for the wagon owners, they were glad to kill any quantity of cattle at that price.

This was the way the money of the British taxpayers was squandered and the expenses of the Zulu War increased to something like twice what they should have been.

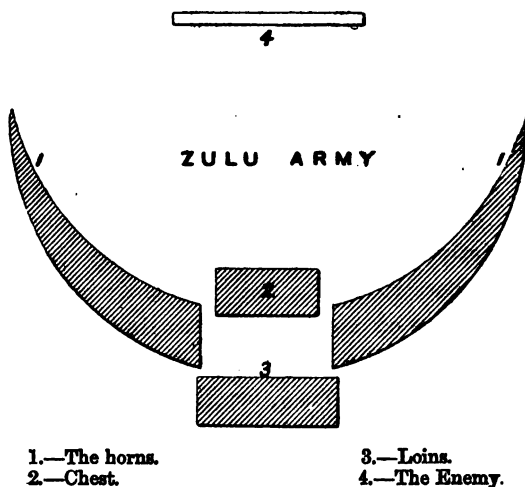
About three miles along the road, we came to the battlefield of Inezane, so called from a small river which runs near where the battle was fought.

The Battle of Inezane was fought on the same day as Isandula. The head of Colonel Pearson's column, which had marched up from the Tugela Drift, had just arrived at the river, and had halted for breakfast. The advanced guard was only a short distance ahead, far too short, as the result proved. On advancing over the ridge of ground just above the drift, they came, without the slightest warning, upon an army of 5,000 Zulus, who, attacking them, sent them flying helter skelter, over the hill, in among the men, who were quietly eating their breakfasts by the river. They had barely time to spring to their arms, before the Zulus were on them, and fortunate it was for our men that by far the greater part of the force was on the near side of the river, or the result would have been as disastrous as the action at Isandula, the

commanders in each case being taken completely by surprise.

The horns of the Zulu army advanced with the object of surrounding the greater part of the column. A few mounted volunteers had established themselves in a kraal on a hill to the right when the action commenced, the recall bugle was sounded to the flanking parties. This particular party, numbering only ten men, did not obey, and being good shots, and in an excellent position, picked off the Zulus in scores, as they came up the hill, and gave the column more time to prepare for action. In the opinion of many who were present on that day these ten men were instrumental in saving the head of the column from being cut off.

ZULU ARMY IN BATTLE.

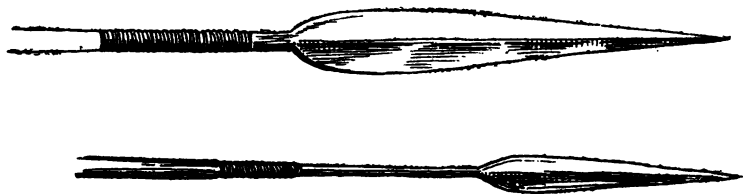


The Zulus have a very well organized plan of fighting. The form of their attack is in the figure of a cow's horns, chest, and loins. They usually make a feint with one horn, while the other, concealed in the long grass and bush, sweeps round and endeavours to surround the enemy. The chest, which comprises far the greater number of men, then advances and tries to crush the enemy by force of numbers. The loins are kept in reserve and only join in pursuit.

Eight miles further on, we came to the river Amatagoolu, a beautifully clear shallow stream, which we crossed by the remains of the old footbridge made by our soldiers. The river wound in and out of the grassy meadows, then round a high kloof, thickly wooded, and populated with monkeys and snakes. On the right of the drift, on a low hill, was Fort Crealock, a strong earthwork, with a deep trench round it. A little distance away was the graveyard, with a dozen little white crosses, surrounded by a slight rail fence, and covered with rank grass three feet high. A large party of Amatongas, numbering nearly one hundred, squatted in a row near the drift, having their mid-day meal of boiled mealies.

The Amatongas, or Tongas, as they are more generally called, are a tribe that inhabit the thickly-wooded country north of Zululand, have few cattle, rear goats principally, and live on corn food. They are a much inferior race to the Zulus in physique, and in colour they are a dark brown. They are averse


to fighting, and until recently, Tongaland was a dependency of Cetewayo's. The Zulus despise them, and will not allow a Tonga to enter their kraals under any circumstance, or supply them with any food. Since the war, many Tongas have come down through Zululand, to work in Natal, chiefly on the railway from Maritzburg to Newcastle, and, knowing the antipathy of the Zulus to them, Chief Dunn has had to erect one or two stations on the route, where they may rest and be supplied with food.



ASSEGAI.

CHAPTER V.

A RIDE OVER THE VELDT—A DONGA—RECEPTION AT A KRAAL—ZULU HUT—KOPFS SOUP—HIDDEN ASSEGAIS.

 LONGING to have a canter over the veldt, away from the road, Adams and I started to ride round a hill, which seemed to be about a mile and a half away. After riding several miles, and drinking in the clear evening air, so refreshing after the tropical heat of the middle of the day, I remarked to Adams, that it was getting late, and that we had better make our way back to the road, as we must find a kraal to shelter in for the night. "We will soon get back to the road," he replied. "How can you find the road? what are you steering by?" I asked. "You see that star," he said, pointing to a star on the horizon, just below the, crescent-shaped silver moon, "now, carry your eye to the right, and on the ground you will see a low bush, there is the road, and half a mile from it is the kraal." "How far is it away?" I asked. "Four miles," he replied. Putting spurs to our ponies, we went as fast, as we could in the direction named. I was thinking, how soon we should be seated round a roaring fire discussing a savoury stew, and sipping our coffee, when our progress was suddenly stopped, by an immense crack in the earth, something like twenty or thirty

feet wide, and quite as deep in places. The bottom was dry, and the sides perfectly perpendicular. This is what is called a donga, and, unfortunately, they are very common in Zululand. These cracks appear to me, to have been the result of some great volcanic eruption, as the mountains all look like extinct volcanoes, some pyramid shaped, and others like the frustum of a cone. We carefully walked along the edge of this donga, up and down, trying to find a crossing, the chances of obtaining supper, getting fainter and fainter. After riding a considerable distance, at length we found a place where, by clinging to the pony's tail when going, or rather, sliding, down one side, and to his mane, when sprawling up the opposite side, we managed to get across, and soon found the road.

The manner in which men like Adams find their way across country, is simply wonderful. They seem to know by instinct, in which direction a place lies, taking natural objects and the sun in the day time, and the moon and stars at night, as landmarks, by which to direct their course.

It was nearly dark, as we reined up our horses in front of the miserable looking kraal, which was to shelter us for the night. Our boys had arrived with the packhorse, so we took off our horses' packs and saddles, and turned them into the veldt. Adams commenced to smoke. I began to be very impatient, and said, "Why don't they come out and speak to us?"

"It's not of the slightest use, they won't hurry themselves," replied Adams. After about ten minutes, a little boy peeped out, then a wrinkled old woman followed, and timidly peered round the entrance to the kraal. After another pause, other women and girls joined them, then the men emerged from their hiding places, and the head man of the kraal came out with his son. I did not like the old man's appearance at all, a more ugly, vicious countenance I never saw. They squatted down on the ground, and the head man leisurely pulling his snuff box out of his ear, helped himself to snuff, and gave some to his son. All this time not a word was spoken. At last the old man said something which meant "How do you do?" Adams replied, "Humph!" The old fellow, after a long pause, again said, "How do you do?" Adams replied in Zulu, "I see you." Then he asked him for a hut, clean mats, mealies, maas, beer, milk, etc. The old Zulu looked very much aghast, and said, "The English soldiers have thoroughly eaten me up. I have lost my cattle, I have no mealies, I and my people are starving. We have been ruined, and there is nothing left for us but to go and work. I remember you," pointing to Adams, "you came after the battle of Gingelhovo, and set fire to my kraal. I saw you, you passed close by me, I was like a snake in the grass. I will not fight the English again, they use great medicine, they called down fires from heaven," he meant the rockets, "we cannot stand against that."

Adams repeated this conversation to me afterwards, but while it was going on, although I did not know a word of the language, I heard several words which sounded remarkably like swearing in English.

After some further delay the son showed us into our hut, which was the best and newest one.

A Zulu hut has a circular top, like that of a beehive, and about 12ft. or 14ft. in diameter, and from 6ft. to 8ft. high. It is made of a double thickness of long pliable withies, meeting in the centre, and so closely are they placed that they will resist an assegai thrust. The sticks are all tied together with strips of palm leaves, and the interior resembles fine basket work, as all the knots are tied on the outside. There are many thousands of knots in each hut. The roof and sides are beautifully thatched with long grass, bound with neat grass ropes, and tied to the inside sticks. The roof is supported from the centre of the interior by two strong poles, about 3ft. or 4ft. apart. The floor is slightly raised, and is made of mud, which is as hard as asphalte, and from the naked feet constantly passing over it, is polished till it sometimes shines like ebony.

Between the two poles is the fireplace, which is circular, and hollowed out of the floor, with a ridge round it 2in. or 3in. high. Several large stones are in this cavity, which, when red hot, keep the hut warm for a long time. There is no hole for the smoke to escape, which finds its way out of the roof

and the top of the door as best it can. One requires to get accustomed to the smoky atmosphere of the huts. As it is impossible to stand up, you lie or squat on the floor, and as all the smoke hangs above your head you do not feel the inconvenience of it until you stand up. The door is about 2ft. 6in. high, and just wide enough for you to crawl into on hands and knees. As the floor is raised some 3in., you have to get well inside the hut, and draw the legs in after you before standing up. If you get up too soon, the sharp top of the door catches the small of your back, with a result the reverse of pleasant. The furniture consists of a bundle of sleeping mats, neatly rolled up, and hung to the wall with two loops of cow hide. A bundle of long thin dried reeds are used for lighting the hut. One is lit at a time, and usually one of the younger members of the family keeps it alight, so that a constant although feeble light is kept up. A number of little wooden hooks are hung from the sides and roof of the hut, to which are suspended palm leaf baskets, some containing tobacco, others mooti (medicine), and a large one with Kaffir beer. It appears strange to talk of a basket containing beer, but these beer baskets are so marvellously made that, when swelled by water being poured into them, they will hold the beer without leaking. Hanging from the roof are little bits of skin, pieces of fur, dried toads, fragments of snake skins, and crocodiles' eyes, which are called mooti, and are used as charms against the

attacks of the evil spirits, and the prevention or cure of diseases of all kinds. Upon the right of the door is a small palm leaf brush, with which the floor of the hut is swept, and every Zulu when he comes in brushes out any mud or dirt he may have brought in with him.

The door, which is pushed back into the hut on the left of the doorway, is made of wicker work, and when shut, is fastened with a loop of hide.

Everything about a Zulu hut is exceedingly neat and clean. The popular idea in England is that, the Zulus are a dirty race, but this is a great mistake, for a more cleanly people I have never met with. The poor classes in our great towns might take a lesson in cleanliness and tidiness from these benighted heathens, whom they despise as an inferior race.

Pangoola very quickly got a good fire. My mattress was filled with dried grass. The kettle soon boiled on the crackling, blazing fire, and the savoury odour of Kopf's soup from the tin pan was most appetising. These soups are an excellent invention, and were largely used during the war. They are most nutritious, and cooked with the aid of boiling water in a very few minutes.

After tea a little Zulu boy and girl came in to see us. The boy was about twelve years of age and the girl nine. The boy wore the usual catskin mouché round his loins, and a tuft of feathers on his head, but the little girl was perfectly nude, with the exception of a string of beads round her waist. As they looked

very hungry, and wistfully watched us eating some biscuits, we offered each of them one. The little boy seemed half afraid to touch his, but seeing the girl eat some, he followed suit, and was glad to have some more. It is very unusual for true Zulus to touch any white man's food, as they are afraid of being bewitched, but since the war, having come more in contact with white men, they are fast losing many of their old superstitions.

None of the men came near us because they had no presents to give. I did not feel particularly comfortable or easy the first night in a Zulu kraal, especially after the old head man's recognition of Adams. Before retiring to rest I took a stroll outside. On going to the entrance, I found it blocked up with large branches of trees, so that if the head man had any evil designs upon us, there would be little chance of escape.

Continuing my walk round the kraal, I came to the back of one hut, and was attentively examining the structure of the thatch, when a gleam of something bright in the thick thatch attracted my attention, and feeling with my hands, I soon brought to light a whole store of assegais. This discovery did not make me feel any more comfortable. Going into the hut again, and forgetting to get well inside before standing up, I caught my back against the top of the door, and was sent sprawling into the centre of the hut, overturning a pannikin of scalding tea, while Garga and Pangoola laughed heartily at my discomfiture. I told

Adams what I had seen, and he said, "That accounts for the crafty old 'boss' taking such a long time to come out and speak to us. I suppose one of his herd boys saw my white helmet in the distance, and taking me for one of the soldiers, he hid all his assegais, for the Zulus are not allowed to carry any arms now."

Putting a few logs on the fire, we lay down to sleep. Pangoola and Garga spreading their mats on the hard floor, and placing their necks on their wooden pillows, rolled themselves in their blankets and were soon snoring loudly. Poor fellows they had had a hard day of it, and little to eat, as there was not a mealie in the kraal. When on the war path, a few boiled mealies in a little bag will last a Zulu for weeks, and not being impeded with baggage, or a superfluity of clothing, he is enabled to travel incredible distances in a very short space of time.



PANGOOLA.

CHAPTER VI.

CHIEF JOHN DUNN—HIS NORTHERN RESIDENCE—EXTENT OF HIS COUNTRY—RELICS OF THE WAR—HIS WIVES—DUBULUMANZI CETEWAYO'S BROTHER—HEALTHINESS OF ZULUS.

ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon of June 7th we were descending the hill down to the drift which crosses the Umlalaasi River. Across the stream the ground rose rapidly, and gloomy mountains, partly covered with patches of bush and ivory palms, seemed to bar our approach to Ingoya, the residence of the renowned Chief Dunn. As we crossed the drift, a crocodile, which had been sunning himself on a sand-bank, hastily glided into the water, and in the distance, a dark, heavy thundercloud was clearing up, and forked lightning was playing continually, giving the scene a very weird and wild aspect. After winding round and round the hills, now up a steep ascent, where you had to hold on to your pony's mane, and now descending into a marshy hollow, on coming round the base of a huge rock, we came in sight of a cluster of galvanised-iron roofs, set in a background of deep green orange trees, perched on the side of a distant hill, and glistening in the rays of the declining sun, with native huts and cattle kraals on either side, and numerous kraals on commanding positions overlooking John

Dunn's home. As we rode along, we saw descending the hill from the kraal on the left a short, rather stoutly-built man, in company with several Zulu Indunas, or petty chiefs, and followed by three magnificent pointers. This was John Dunn. As he approached we had a better view of him. His age would be about forty. He was dressed in grey tweed, with long Wellington boots and a gray tweed shooting cap over a remarkably handsome but bronzed countenance, with a broad forehead, finely-cut features, and closely-trimmed light brown beard and moustache. The greeting was kindly and cordial, and but for the surroundings, you might have taken him to be an English country squire going round his farm. "Glad to see you," he said. "I am afraid I have not much to show you, for when the war broke out, my place was completely destroyed, and I have only lately commenced to rebuild it." We entered a large open space, with the huts of the servants on one side, and the stables and cattle kraals lower down the hill. Our horses were led away by two stalwart Zulu "boys." Chief Dunn's house consisted of a long low galvanised-iron building situated on the steep mountain side, with a garden filled with orange and lemon trees, sloping down to a rushing mountain torrent, while, on the opposite side of the stream rose the grand tree-covered hills forming parts of the great forest of Ingoya—which means, "Look out for sticks"—the home of the buffalo, lion, zebra, and rhinoceros. On the left of the

house was the stable, and in the rear the kitchen, while behind were the servants' huts. Mr. Dunn showed us into his room, which was neatly lined with varnished wood, and simply furnished with two tables and chairs, a packing-case on the side, with some decanters and glasses, while, guns, old swords, blankets, and gaudy parasols were stacked in the corners of the room. After a refreshing wash in the stream, for I dared not plunge in, being afraid of crocodiles, I returned to the house, where an excellent supper of stewed steak and rice was prepared for us. We were waited upon by Dunn's favourite servant, an immense fellow, 6ft. 2in. high, looking, by the light of the single tallow candle, like some dusty spectre, as he moved noiselessly about with his naked feet. After dinner, an Induna came in with Lieutenant Douglas's sword, saddle bags, and watch; also the helmet of the trooper who was killed with him. It made one feel very melancholy to look at the half rusty sword, with the marks of blood on the blade, showing how gallantly its owner had defended himself. Lieutenant Douglas, was riding from Ulundi with despatches to the coast after the battle, when, losing his way in a fog, he was surrounded and killed. Archibald Forbes, who rode the same night to Rorke's Drift, luckily escaped. On the window-sill were two enormous brass bracelets belonging to Cetewayo, and in another outside hut were quantities of rifles, flasks, bottles, cartridges, fishing tackle, and miscellaneous rubbish, brought in

by the Zulus who had taken them at the fatal field of Isandula. The main-spring of my rifle being broken John Dunn gave me one of the Martinis used by one of our soldiers on that day, and supplied me with cartridges from the late owner's pouch. He also gave me a piece of tusk from an elephant, which had killed his favourite hunter some twelve months back. As his rooms were being painted, we slept in his travelling wagon, which was outside, upon a pile of Kaffir blankets, and were very comfortable, although we felt the cold after the heat of the low country. We started north at sunrise, Mr. Dunn giving us tinned meats and everything we required, and pressing us to stop with him as we came back. He told us that the territory over which he has absolute rule extends from the Upper Tugela River to the coast, and from the Lower Tugela to the Umslatoosi, about sixty miles broad, by sixty or seventy miles long—an immense district, and the finest pasture land in the Zulu country. He said he had put a 5s. hut tax on the niggers, for unless you made them feel your power, you could not rule them successfully. It was a great mistake our Government did not annex the country, which, properly ruled by white men would have paid the expenses of the war in a very few years' time. John Dunn's Incosygaas, or chief wife, came from the Cape, and is only partly of Kaffir extraction. His other wives, numbering about twenty, are all chiefs'

daughters who have been presented to him, and are really more servants than wives.

Dubulumanzi, Cetewayo's brother, a very ugly old scamp, was living in one of the huts, and amused himself with drinking "square face," the local name for gin, and grinding an American orguINETTE. He commanded in person at Rorke's Drift. As he was too late to take part in the Battle of Isandula, and wanted to wash the spears of his boys, he started off to take the post at Rorke's Drift, and the reception he met with is well known. Dunn regarded him as dangerous, and kept him in a sort of captivity, and never allowed him to go out without two Indunas. Some of Dunn's hunters were magnificent men, with numerous rows of lion's claws round their necks, and catskin cloaks.

Dunn has been unjustly accused of hostility to the missionaries, but from what I could gather from him he does not object to them residing in his territory. He required them, however, to acknowledge his authority, which several refused to do, and have caused numerous disagreements, so that, since the war he has refused to allow any missionaries to reside in his territory unless they submit to his jurisdiction.

He strongly objected to Cetewayo's return, as he said the Zulus did not want him, and this statement I can fully corroborate, as in the thirty or forty kraals I visited, I always asked the question, and without a single exception had the one reply, "We don't want

him back." I am convinced that what is wanted for Zululand is more white chiefs, with the tact, firmness, and administrative ability of John Dunn.

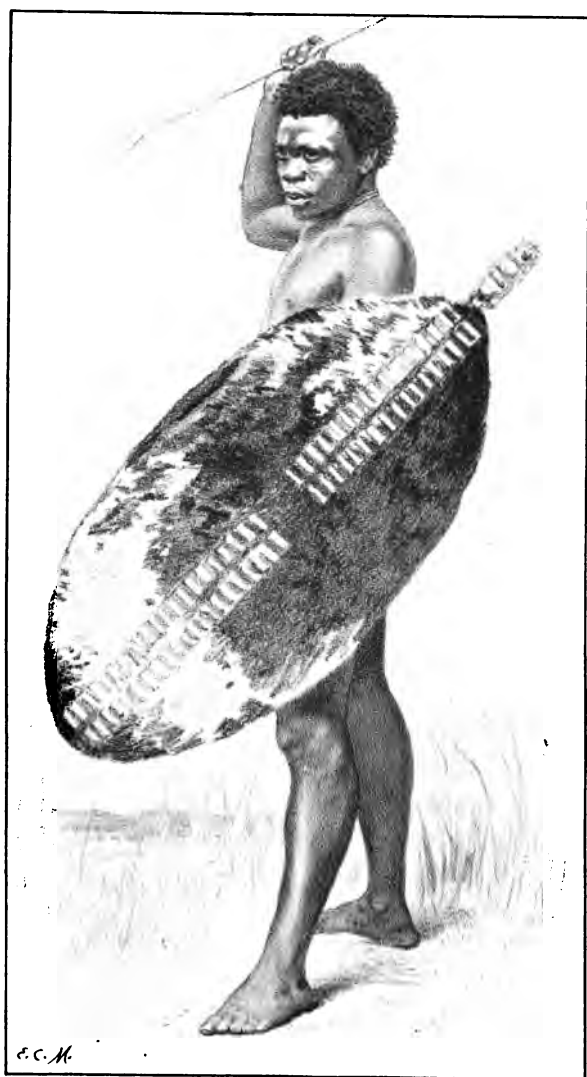
Our route still lay through the hills, the timber in places being very fine. Here and there were little lakes, covered with teal, brightly coloured ducks, large grey geese, and wild fowl of all kinds. One part of our path was along an old elephant track, many thousand years old, which can be traced down to the Berea Forest, on which, part of the town of Durban, now stands, and this path leads right into the interior. The red sandstone which cropped up here was quite worn away by the feet of the huge animals. The ivory palm was abundant, a graceful tree with large fan-shaped leaves, springing from a cluster of large brown nuts. On peeling off the thick outer covering of these nuts, a hard kernel, about three times the size of a walnut, is found. This is vegetable ivory, and is exported in large quantities to Europe, where it is used for making buttons, small ivory toys, knobs of sticks and umbrellas, etc. Several flocks of turkey buzzards, a kind of vulture, were feeding in the grass, pouncing upon the unwary frogs and toads and small snakes, or wheeling and hovering in the air. They looked exceedingly handsome, with long red necks, glossy black feathers, which glistened in the sun, and outstretched wings, barred alternately with black and white. They measure about 7ft. from tip to tip across the wings.

At mid-day we drew up at a kraal on the top of a high hill, the old chief came out, and there was a most affectionate greeting between him and Adams, they being very old friends. Pangoola soon had a fire lighted, and coffee ready. The old head man brought us out a large earthen milk pot, filled with the most delicious milk, as thick as cream. The milk from the Zulu cattle is quite as rich as that from Alderney cows at home. The milk pot was made of a dark clay, which, like the floors of their huts, by continual use had been polished till it shone like ebony. It was covered with a neat basket work lid, made from the ivory palm leaf. He also brought us a large shallow palm leaf basket of mealies, holding about 40lbs., this measure is called a muid, and is the standard measure for the sale of mealies. The whole population of the kraal, some thirty men, women, and children, were seated in a row outside the fence, watching us having our luncheon. They could not understand us giving good mealies to horses, and not eating them ourselves, and were very curious to know what the Liebeg was, and why we mixed it with the soup, also why we mixed the milk with the coffee. Mixing several ingredients together was in their opinion a mistake.

Two or three of the little children were playing about. They could not have been more than a few months old, and yet they were walking about as erect as possible. A Zulu child can almost walk from its birth, and is never swathed and bound up in the way

English children are. The consequence is, he grows up stout and strong, breathing only the pure air of heaven and basking under the tropical sun, and being fed upon nothing but milk and mealies, arrives at manhood without an illness or ailment of any kind. Whereas his poor civilised brother is condemned to be swaddled up in long clothes, to be carried about in the arms of a nurse, or wheeled in a perambulator, often fed upon unwholesome food, the result being that his mind and body very often never get fully developed.

The Zulu women are exceedingly strong. The children have some very curious names sometimes, indicative of the place or circumstance of their birth. For instance, in this kraal one child was called Usikota, because he was born in the grass, while another was named Umdotsheni, because he first saw light in a mealie garden. For three or four days after birth, the infant is not allowed to taste his mother's milk, but is fed on sour milk from the cow, the idea being that, while the mother's milk is red coloured, the child ought not to have it. The result is that, this and other rough treatment causes all the weakly children to die off. As civilisation increases, and this custom is abandoned, more weakly subjects will survive, and one of the finest races in the world will deteriorate. A father is not shown his new-born child for some time, and when he does see it, the occasion is made one of much rejoicing.



ZULU WARRIOR



Should twins be born, only one is allowed to live, the other being laid down in the back part of the hut to die, being offered as a sacrifice to propitiate the spirits.

Any child who at birth shows symptoms of idiotcy, or has any deformity, is treated in the same way as in the case of twins, being laid down in an empty hut to die. The British Resident has issued an order forbidding this, but it is an old custom, and will be very hard to eradicate.

The result of these two customs is that, you may travel from one end of Zululand to the other, and not find a naturally deformed person or an idiot in the country.

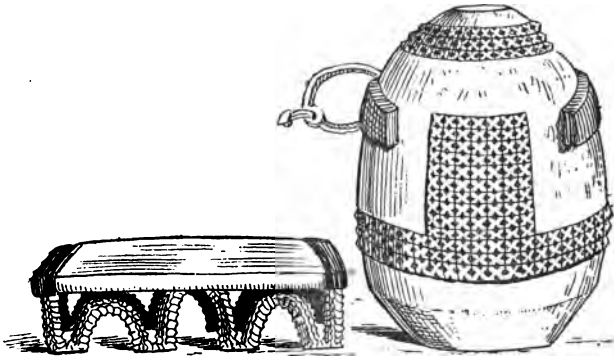
The Zulus, as a nation, are remarkably free from illness of any kind, and from youth to old age they rarely know what it is. The diseases they chiefly suffer from are fevers, resulting from living in the damp marshy parts of the country near the sea coast, and also from the effects of chills, caused by coming out naked into the cold air from the overheated huts, which takes the form of a rapid consumption, carrying off the sufferer in a few days. With these exceptions they are free from diseases which are rife among civilised nations. Scrofula and all the kindred plagues are unknown, and there is no hereditary predilection to certain forms of disease, as there is in our own land.

When a Zulu gets ill, he knows that his hour has come, and he rarely if ever rises from his sick bed, and his last hours on earth, are made hideous by the horrible incantations of the witch doctor, who endeavours to drive away the evil spirit, who has bewitched the sufferer. Living all their lives without alcohol, flesh wounds, simply treated with cold water dressing and leaf plasters, heal with the most wonderful rapidity, and a wound which would be fatal to one of our soldiers who had ruined his system with alcohol, the Zulu gets better of in a week or two, as the wounds never fester.

I saw scores of poor fellows limping about with the most frightful sabre cuts inflicted by our cavalry. One remarkable case, I remember, of a man who had been struck by a rocket, which, catching him on the breast, had literally melted the flesh off his chest, then taking a course down his side and leg, had cut a deep furrow down his thigh and calf, making the leg 4in. shorter than the other. I asked him how long he was laid up, and he replied about two moons, meaning two months. No European, unless he had been of an iron constitution, and a man of simple habits, would ever have survived such a frightful wound.

After a siesta under a shady palm tree, we inspanned. Before leaving, we gave the old chief a knife, with which he was greatly delighted. He carefully examined it, looked with curiosity at the name on the blade, turned it over and over in his

hand, and asked what the little brass picture on the hilt was. We told him it was the great and good Queen Victoria, who ruled the English. He then asked, "Is a woman the great white chief of the English?" On being informed that it was so, he looked exceedingly puzzled, and we left him examining his knife with childish glee, surrounded by his wives and children.



PILLOW.

MILK POT

CHAPTER VII.

DISTRICT NEAR THE UMSLATOOSI—DIFFICULTIES OF TRADERS—FORT
CREALOCK—AN INHOSPITABLE BOER—CHIEF UMPOLLANE—MAAS,
BREAD—DESCRIPTION OF A KRAAL—CETEWAYO'S RUNNERS—DRESS
OF ZULU GIRLS — FASHIONS — SALAMPOR — STOREKEEPING —
CROCODILE STALKING—HYENAS AND LIONS.

WE now began to descend from the hill country into the valley of the Umslatoosi, and from the crest of the last hill overlooking the river a splendid panorama of the country was to be seen. In the distance the broad river, fringed with dense beds of reeds, and the valley below us stretching for miles, dotted with kraals and silvery lakes. The country became flatter and more marshy towards the sea, and the beds of reeds extended on either side, ending in a thick impenetrable forest down to the beach.

Coming across the drift was a trader's wagon, returning to Natal laden with hides. We halted, and asked the owner the latest news. He said, "The Zulus are complaining very much about Usibep (one of the Northern chiefs); he has been 'eating them up' and carrying off their cattle. They have complained to Mr. Osborn, the British Resident, but what can he do? Usibep only laughs at him, because he knows he has no power to punish him. All the Zulus in the North wish for annexation. They want the white man to rule over them, and then they will not be continually

‘eaten up.’” On asking him how trade was, he answered, “How can I trade? I come into Dunn’s territory, and pay £25 for a licence, I cannot do business in his country on such terms. I come down here, and Umpollane (the chief of the next territory) stops me, and makes me give £10 worth of blankets and beads, to pass through his district. Usibep stops me when I come to his borders. So that all my profit goes into the hands of the chiefs.” The speaker was most bitter against the so-called settlement of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and remarked, there would be war again in less than twelve months. This prophecy has been verified by subsequent events, as the country, except John Dunn’s territory, has lapsed into a state of anarchy and petty wars, and great oppression of the unfortunate natives is the outcome of this policy. They would prefer any white chief, with paramount authority, rather than endure the existing state of things.

On the sand banks, leading down to the drift, we found the great sprawling marks of the crocodiles, which had shuffled into the water on our approach, and a short distance away were two or three, lying like logs on the water.

On the right of the drift is Fort Crealock, constructed in a manner similar to the other forts.

As night was approaching, we halted a few miles beyond the river, at a very large military kraal, formerly belonging to Cetewayo, but now inhabited by Umpollane, who is chief over this district. A short.

distance from the kraal, four wagons were outspanned, and we could see at one side of the travelling wagon a camp table, covered with a white cloth, and set out for tea, and seated round which were several white children, while the owner of the wagons was reclining in a lounge chair smoking his pipe, his wife being engaged in cutting up bread and butter, and one of the servants cooking some savoury venison steaks. We were very hungry, and had not a biscuit left, and very little sugar. We went up to the party, and said, "How do you do?" The old Boer, for such the owner of the wagons proved to be, acknowledged our salutation very coldly. We fully expected to be invited to share the meal, but they took not the slightest notice of us, and we rode up to the kraal disappointed and angry to the last degree.

White men in the Zulu country are very few and far between, forming only two classes, traders and hunters, and with all of them there is an amount of freemasonry and good fellowship, which you only find among men, who are drawn together by a life of hardship and danger, so that to meet with an unexpected rebuff of this sort was particularly galling to us.

We had to wait, as usual, a long time outside the entrance to the kraal, while the news of our arrival was being conveyed to "his highness." At last, when our patience was getting exhausted, a procession of five or six chief men marched in Indian file out of the entrance, the rear being brought up by a strikingly

handsome old Zulu, whom we took to be the old chief himself, but who was only his prime minister and chief adviser. The Indunas ranged themselves in a half circle, seated on the ground, with the prime minister in the centre. One could see at a glance that he belonged to the aristocracy. His skin shone like satin. Round his neck he wore a chain of beaten brass, and on his feet and ankles were large brass rings, while over his shoulders was a white blanket, on which was embroidered a very fierce looking lion, and various curious devices. His nails were about two inches long, and as white as ivory. After the usual salutations, he asked who I was. Adams replied that I was a white chief, that I merely came to see what Zululand was like, and was travelling for pleasure. The old chief chuckled very much at this, and said, "No, no! He must be come to buy cattle, or to hunt. He would not come into my country for pleasure, you can't deceive me." Adams answered that I had come purely for pleasure, upon which the chief and his Indunas all said, such an extraordinary thing they had never heard of before. We asked him for a large hut, mealies, eggs, beer, fowls, milk, and maas, and he replied, "We have no mealies, we are all starving. Our corn we hid in the ground, and cannot find it. Our cattle will not give any milk. Our huts are full. We have drunk all our beer. The fowls wont lay any eggs," etc. At every kraal the same excuses were made. Some being of the most absurd kind, and the greater the excuses,

as a rule, the more prosperity and plenty we found. So in this case, after the deputation had withdrawn and told Umpollane all about us, we were shown to our hut, and supplied with everything we had asked for.

After tea, the chief came to see us, followed by a very large retinue, who squatted outside while he came in. He was a large handsome man, wrapped in a blue and white quilt, but otherwise dressed in a manner similar to his prime minister. He was exceedingly polite and dignified in his manner, and I could detect at once, in his bearing and way of speaking, that he was a thoroughbred Zulu. He asked who I was, and what I wanted, and was very incredulous about my coming to see him for pleasure. He asked us what we were going to do with Cetewayo, and said we ought to show him our country, and so impress him with our power. He did not want to have him back, as he said there would at once be wars again, and his tribe were tired of fighting. They wanted to marry, and plant mealies, and breed cattle. Cetewayo always took their finest cattle for himself. He also referred to John Dunn, calling him his brother, and asking many questions about him. After he left us, we had numerous visitors. One old fellow came in to borrow a needle and thread, another wanted a box of matches, and a third had three matches and wanted to beg a box to keep them in, a fourth came in to ask for a button. At last, having got rid of our visitors, we went to bed.

Maas, which is the chief food of the Zulus, where there are large herds of cattle, is most delicious and nourishing food. It is made in the following way. The fresh milk is put into a calabash, and allowed to stand until it turns sour, when the whey is run off through a little hole in the bottom of the gourd. More milk is then added until the calabash is full. The thick white milk, now of the consistency of Devonshire cream, is put into an earthen milk pot. A quantity of mealies are boiled, taken out of the water and dried, then pounded between two large flat stones and placed in a basket. The prepared mealies and the maas are next mixed together and allowed to stand some little time before being eaten. The addition of a little wild honey or brown sugar, just to take off the rather acid taste of the milk, is a great improvement. It is most refreshing and satisfying, and I always preferred maas to anything in the shape of game. Corn maas is made from the Kaffir corn, or millet, and is prepared in a similar way. Half corn and half mealies mixed is often used, and makes a very pleasant variety.

Zulu bread is not so good as the maas. The mealies are prepared in the same manner, but are pounded up when wet, and kneaded into a heavy indigestible mass about the size of a small cannon ball.

The face of a clock will give a very good idea of the plan of a Zulu kraal. The inner circle is the

cattle kraal, where all the cattle are confined every night. The figures represent the huts, and the outer edge the outside fence, which is usually from 6ft. to 12ft. high and sometimes very strongly made, with an almost impassible fence of the prickly pear planted round the outside of it. On the right of the entrance are the 'eelauw,' or young men's huts. These are where the young unmarried men of the kraal sleep, where visitors are housed, and where the king's messengers used to live. Cetewayo had the most marvellous system of runners from kraal to kraal, and very often he would know at Ulundi of events that took place a few hours before in Durban, a distance of nearly 150 miles. In every one of the military kraals, a certain number of the fleetest runners were always kept in readiness. A messenger from the king would rush in panting and breathless, deliver his message, and one of the runners would forthwith start on his journey at a speed like that of an antelope. Cetewayo knew of events that took place at the Diamond Fields before they were known in Durban, although there was the telegraph; and the stories I heard, from men of unimpeachable veracity, of the speed with which information was conveyed, are scarcely credible. My informers, knowing of this system of running messengers, could not account for the miraculous swiftness with which information was carried, but this rapid conveyance of intelligence is characteristic of the Kaffir tribes. All that takes

place in England affecting themselves they are aware of very soon after it is known at Cape Town.

On the opposite side to the 'eelauw' are the huts for the young unmarried women, and the adjoining huts are occupied by the various families inhabiting the kraal. On the other side of the cattle kraal are the huts for the head man and his wives. Both the young men's and young women's huts have a small fence made of grass or split bamboo, concealing the entrance and forming a passage. In order to get to the door, it is necessary to go to the side of the hut and creep along a sort of funnel. One of the huts, generally the oldest one, is used for keeping the various clay cooking pots, baskets, beer strainers, etc., and another one is used as a storehouse for guns, shields, and assegais; the shields being neatly arranged on small wooden racks raised about 6 inches from the floor. In the spaces between the huts are the 'izzezulus,' or mealie stores, containing supplies of mealies in the ear. In appearance they are like large beehives thatched with straw. The mealies, after they are harvested, are put into these 'izzezulus' to ripen, and when they will easily separate from the cob they are taken to the winter storehouse, which is situated in the centre of the cattle kraal. This storehouse is a circular pit, about 6ft. deep, lined with clay, and neatly finished off. In the bottom is a layer of fine grass. The mealies are thrown into this pit, and when it is full a thick layer of grass and earth is put

on the top and covered with mud, and the cattle constantly treading over the spot keep it perfectly watertight. All the cooking is done in the open air; and the fires belonging to each family are near their dwelling. After cooking operations are suspended it is very amusing to watch the Zulu dogs. There are some at every kraal, great, gaunt, famished looking curs, half lurcher, half mastiff. They go up to the heap of smouldering ashes, and gingerly commence to rake them out with their feet. If they find they are too hot, they will lie down near, and wait patiently until the embers get cool, but woe betide any other unfortunate dog which trespasses on his neighbour's fire, a low growl, and a display of some very nasty looking teeth warns the intruder that he is on dangerous ground. When he thinks that the ashes are sufficiently cool, he again gets up and feels them with his feet, and if the temperature is quite to his satisfaction, he scrapes, very cautiously, a hole in the centre of the heap, being very careful not to burn his feet, and after turning himself round and round several times, he scrapes up the ashes round him, curls himself up in the centre and goes to sleep.

In several parts of the kraal are small shelters for the calves and goats, and part of the cattle kraal is partitioned off for some of the young milch cows.

In the morning, after breakfast, the old ladies were most attentive, bringing in more maas and cream, and looking with longing eyes at the packs which Adams

was opening. The girls, too, clustered round inside the hut, and those who could not come in peered through the narrow opening of the door, completely filling it up, and making the interior of the hut nearly dark. I mildly suggested to the oldest lady to keep the girls away from the door. She laughed as she comprehended my meaning, and snatching up a stick, quickly sent the black beauties to a respectful distance, but they returned, looking eagerly and wistfully at the treasures spread out before them. While Adams is diving into the deepest recesses of the packs for the blue salampore, I will describe the costume, or rather the want of costume, of the Zulu beauty.

First of all, fatness is of great importance with them, and they endeavour to make themselves as fat as they possibly can, but, owing to the war, the young Zulu ladies had been on very short commons, and had to sleep out in the bush for weeks together, so that they had not recovered their normal condition.

A girl, until she is five or six years old, does not wear a vestige of clothing or ornament of any kind. About that time she is promoted to a very small 'mouche,' which consists of a single string of beads, worn round her waist just above the hips. As she grows older the 'mouche' becomes more elaborate, and is made of beads of all colours sewn on to round pieces of shredded blanket, which are sewn together with pieces of sinew, with sometimes, but not always, a

small fringe of beads in front. Some have large, others small, grass fringes varying according to the fashions that are then in vogue. You can tell a fashionable young woman by her 'mouche.' If she is only moderately well off, it will be like the one I have described. If there are two rows of beaded work, she is better off than her neighbours. If she has three rows, she is entitled to be one of the leaders of fashion.

Ladies at home will wonder at the idea of fashion among the ladies in the Zulu country, but it is most extraordinary how fashions change, and it only proves that feminine vanity, all the world over, will show itself, whether the wearer have a dark or fair skin. For instance, in one district, black and white beads were much sought after. Girls crowded into our hut for them, and many of them came from long distances to get the precious beads. At another kraal, green and pink were in high favour, and they would not look at black and white ones, while some beads not of the latest shade in pink they would not accept. Those which seemed most to take their fancy, were some very large red beads worn round the neck, and for these they would have bartered almost anything; and for the reason that previous to the war only Cetewayo's wives and daughters were allowed to wear them, but now that he is gone, of course any one can, and all the girls in Zululand were very desirous to obtain them.

Below the knee were large brass and iron wire rings, similar to those worn by the men, and the same kind of bracelets on the arms.

Their hair, too, was dressed in many kinds of ways. One, would have it parted, making ridges and furrows like a ploughed field; another, would have furrows both from the front to the back of the head, and also across, dividing the hair into small pyramid-shaped squares most beautifully worked up. Sometimes it would be drawn into several points, and so on, in an infinite variety. The time and labour they expend in dressing their hair to attract husbands is very great. I have seen a girl at work combing, twisting, brushing, and plaiting another's hair, every morning for days together.

Adams having found the salampore, unrolled a piece, held it up in his hands, and stretching out his arms to the full extent, measured the required length, about a yard and a half. This is worn like a shawl, across the shoulders. I handed it to the old lady who had been so good to us, and whose shawl was weather stained and browned by exposure to the sun, and hung in shreds from her shoulders. The poor old creature's withered face shone with delight. I told her to put the shawl on, which she did, and walked out of the hut as proud as possible, strutting about like a peacock. All the girls and the other married ladies grouped themselves round her, examining the quality of the material, and showing it to their

neighbours, all chattering and laughing as if they had not a care in the world, although they are, perhaps, the most down-trodden race of women in existence. As we wished to make an early start, we did not get out any beads and handkerchiefs, greatly to the chagrin and disappointment of our lady friends.

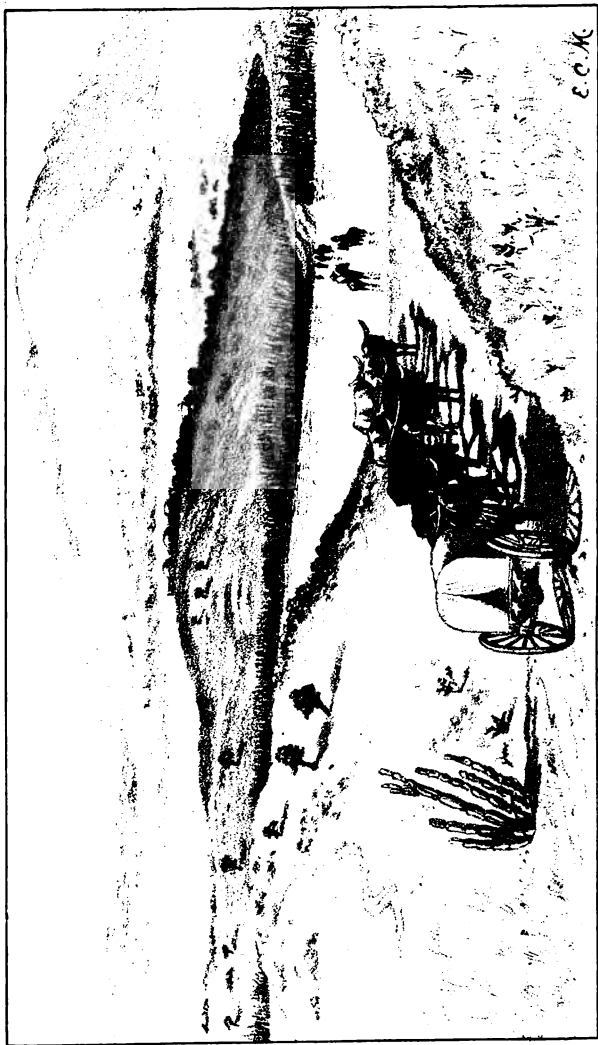
Our road lay through flat grassy plains, interspersed with low thorn trees, patches of bush, and pyramid shaped hills.

On the top of one of these hills was a small lonely-looking galvanized-iron hut, which was the first store erected in the territory, and owned by a man named Mason.

After winding up the steep hill, on the left of which was a large mealie garden and the ruins of an old kraal, we drew up at the door of this curious habitation, and the rough good natured looking owner came out and gave us a hearty welcome.

The space in front of the store was strewn with hides. On the left was the Kaffir hut, and an unusually large and strong cattle kraal, as a protection against lions and hyenas, which often travel here from the neighbouring bush near the Umveloosi. A number of fowls were feeding near the door, and with a few goats and sheep, made the place look quite like a farm yard. Adjoining the Kaffir house was a mill for grinding mealies.

Our boys, after outspanning the horses, and giving them a plentiful supply of mealies, turned their



CROSSING THE UNVELOOSI.

attention to dinner, and giving chase to the unfortunate cocks and hens, selected the fattest for a victim.

The life of a store keeper in this country must be most monotonous, never seeing a white man for weeks together, not being able to go far away from his store, and subsisting on tinned meats, a little tea and coffee, and Kaffir food. One cannot wonder that, when they go down to the colony, they commit excesses. The man who was in charge here received an university education, and once had a small fortune, but having spent all his money, had come down to taking charge of an up-country store, where the living was of a most meagre description.

About 4 o'clock we strolled down to the river, which was a series of deep pools, and nearly dry shallows, with high broken banks. In many places it was clothed with tall reeds, and here the crocodiles love to bask. The sun was low down on the horizon, and the high bank on the further side threw a dark shadow over the inky black water. Cautiously stealing up in the thick grass, I tried to get a shot at one of the crocodiles, but hearing me approach, he quietly sank into the depths of the pool, and when I looked over the bank, all I could see was a circling ripple on the dark water showing where he had gone down. The two dogs we had with us were now brought into requisition. Adams stationing himself at one end, and Mason at the other, enticed the dogs to walk along the edge of the water, in the hope of inducing the reptile to

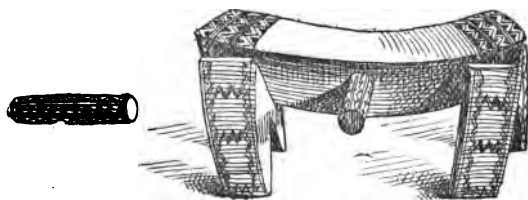
show himself, for if anything is more tempting than another to a crocodile, it is a dog. I stationed myself behind a clump of grass, and watched the dogs walking unsuspectingly towards Mason. I could see the bubbles rising where my 'friend' had disappeared, and then I saw a greenish black spot slowly appear above the surface, and a vicious looking eye turned in the direction of the dog. I fired, but at the same instant the crocodile dived and I missed him. The partiality of crocodiles for the canine species is a curious fact. If a man, accompanied by a dog, is crossing a river where there are crocodiles, they will take the dog and not touch the man. They also, fortunately for the white men, prefer a black skin to a white one, and a white man accompanied by niggers need never be afraid of them, as they will always take the niggers first.

On the top of the hill some little Zulu boys were catching partridges. The dogs find them, and the boys knock them over with their knobkerries. The Zulus' skill in the use of knobkerries is wonderful, and I have seen some splendid practice made with them, although, of course, there are a very large number of misses to every hit.

The hyenas about here were a great nuisance. A short time previous to our arrival, a wagon had been outspanned in the valley, and the Kaffir boys, as usual, sleeping on the ground under the wagon, with a sail cloth round the sides to keep off the dew, when a

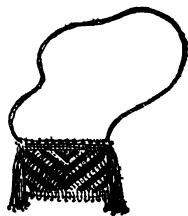
hungry hyena, sniffing round, tore through the canvas, and bit a large piece out of one of their cheeks. Many goats and sheep also had been lately carried off.

The howling of these hyenas during the night is most melancholy. In the Umveloosi bush lions are numerous, and some of Mason's niggers in bringing cattle down had lost eight head through the lions. We thought of making a short cut through the bush to Kamagwasa, but were told we should certainly lose our horses, as game was not over plentiful and the lions had a remarkably keen appetite.



REED SNUFF BOX.

INDUNAS PILLOW.



BEAD MOUCHE.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING IN THE BUSH—SCENE ON THE PLAINS—WISDOM OF SIR
BARTLE FRERE'S POLICY—HARDSHIPS OF THE ZULUS UNDER
CETEWAYO—IMITATIVE POWERS OF ZULUS—ANOTHER SERVANT—
ELEPHANTS—THE UMVELOOSI.

AFTER leaving Mason's, we made for a thick bushy country. Before getting into the bush the river had to be crossed, a difficult and unpleasant operation, particularly when I called to mind the evil-looking glance the old crocodile had given me the previous day. The banks were like a wall, wet and slippery with the morning dew. My pony putting his fore feet out, simply slid down to the bottom, and after crossing attempted to scale the opposite bank. The first attempt failed, and slipping down I thought I should have been deposited in the pool below. On again getting near the top, I felt him slipping, when, throwing myself off his back, I clutched at a tuft of long grass and pulled myself up safely, and my gallant little pony, being relieved of my weight, soon followed. The pack horse and niggers managed to find a better crossing, and came up without much difficulty.

The early morning in South Africa is most delightful. The air is crisp and cold, so cold is it that

it is necessary to wear a thick coat and a great coat in addition, which latter is discarded when the sun rises.

The bush was most picturesque, situated, as it was, between two ranges of high hills. Every tree and blade of grass was covered with countless dewdrops, which glistened in the rays of the rising sun, showing all the colours of the rainbow. Now, a buck would come crashing through the tall grass and cross our path, diving again into the thick undergrowth, or a drove of antelopes would scamper away over the distant hills, turning round with an inquisitive look at us ere they disappeared over the summit. A flock of pigeons would wheel over us, and settle on some remote tree; and the beautifully coloured trogons sailed from bush to bush, their flaming plumage flashing in the sun's rays. Here and there a monkey would look down from the topmost branch of some tall tree, and peering round, disappear with a whisk of his tail. Hawks and vultures hovered in the air, and the great crested eagle blinked and plumed himself on the decayed branch of some bare trunk. The trees were principally mimosas, with a thick undergrowth of thorns, called "wait a bit" thorns. These are most formidable looking, and will penetrate the stoutest clothing, so that it is next to impossible to force your way through. The path was easily found, as the wagons in front of us had made deep ruts in the soft soil. After riding for an hour or two through the bush we again emerged

on to the flats. As far as the eye could reach was a rolling plain of brown waving grass, with only one or two solitary clumps of bush to relieve the monotony of the landscape, while in the extreme distance the table-shaped mountains of the Lebomba range, 50 miles away, rose out of the sea of grass, having the appearance of a series of gigantic detached rocks with flat summits.

Dotted over these plains were numerous little 'vleys,' or shallow lakes, fringed with reeds and crowded with water fowl. Gaily coloured ducks swam on the surface, some scuttling into the reeds on our approach, but others, more bold, only paddling a few yards from the shore, fearlessly watched us. The snow white crane, with one leg tucked under him, and his long yellow bill nearly buried in the feathers on his breast, his beautiful snowy plumage brought out in bold relief against the back ground of dark green rushes, apparently asleep but with one eye open, was looking out for some unwary frog. His relatives, the blue cranes, were stationed at other points in the pool, or feeding in the low marshy ground near the water's edge. On our drawing nearer, with a few flaps of their huge outspreading wings, they would lazily get up and settle down again a dozen yards further away. The 'bitron,' a large heavy brown bird, not unlike the English bittern, only larger, was frequently seen with the cranes.

It seemed almost a pity to disturb the quiet of the scene, but our larder wanted replenishing, and we bagged some ducks, and a 'koran,' or lesser bustard.

On other parts of the plains were numerous birds of all kinds—three or four different varieties of partridges, 'pauws,' 'korans,' and 'dikkops,'—the Dutch names for the great, lesser, and small bustards—also quail, and several kinds of plovers.

At length we ascended from the flat table land into the hill country again, and rode along a ridge of hills parallel to the river Umveloosi, which we could see glistening in the breaks between the hills. The sun was going down, and in vain we cast our eyes about for a kraal. All that was left of the one we had intended to stop at was a circular patch of green grass, with here and there mealies sprouting up where the Izzezulus had been, the kraal having been destroyed. At last we drew up at one overlooking the Umveloosi, and took the packs and saddles off our wearied horses. The head man came out, and in a very surly way said his kraal was full and he would not give us a hut. My guide said that we were not going a yard further, and if he did not find one quickly, we would come and take one. The chief scowled, and sulkily said he would give us a small one, and pointed out a miserable looking place with holes in the roof. Adams said, "That won't do. I must have this," pointing to the best and newest one. The Induna, seeing he was in earnest, gave in and was

very civil. At this very kraal, as Adams was returning to Natal, just before the outbreak, he drew up and asked for mealies, and was told, "Do you think that we give good food to dogs? We shall eat all you English up, but we will take the women for our wives." What these men said they fully intended to do, and, but for the fatal inactivity of Cetewayo in not following up the victory of Isandula, would have been accomplished, and one of the most awful massacres in history would have taken place. And further, a trader told me, that long before the war he overheard a conversation between two Zulu chiefs, who were gloating over the prospect of the number of wives and cattle they would obtain if they overran Natal. This dreadful issue was only averted by the wise policy of Sir Bartle Frere, who determined to break the power of Cetewayo, and thus render him powerless to fulfil his threat. It must not be supposed that it was from any compunctions on his own part, that after Isandula, Cetewayo did not invade Natal, because his orders expressly said that an army was to sweep Natal from the Drakensberg to the sea. Nor was it wholly on account of the check given at Rorke's Drift to the force under Dubulumanzi, for although this undoubtedly saved the northern portion of the colony from invasion, still there was nothing to prevent an army crossing the Tugela opposite Pietermaritzburg. The causes of inactivity were, that the mealies were ripening and the Zulus were afraid of loosing

the harvest, and dispersing in order to gather the crops, it was found a difficult matter to get them together again. There were, in addition, dissensions and jealousies among the rival chieftains over the plunder taken at Isandula.

Now, however, that all this was changed, we were much surprised at the old chief's incivility, and we could only account for it by thinking that, he must have been annoyed by some traders who had been before us.

In the evening several Zulus came into our hut, and commenced to talk about the war. Alluding to the unusual length of the rainy season, one said, "You English not only have 'eaten us up,' but you have changed the seasons, our mealies do not ripen as they used to do, we are thoroughly beaten, all we can do is to work for you, to buy cattle to replace those you have taken from us." Another said, "Why does not the great white Queen take our country and rule over us? We would work for the great white Queen. We can now lie down and go to sleep without fear of being 'eaten up.' We have not to be at Maslabatin—Cetewayo's military depôt—for six moons at a time, and neglect our mealies and our cattle. We can marry when we like. Cetewayo would not allow us to marry. We can eat salt with our mealies, which he would not let us do. When he was king we could not lie down to sleep, without fearing that we should wake up with the spirits. We dare not talk after the sun went

down. If a dog barked, a cock crew, a plover whistled, or a cow lowed in the night, the whole kraal would be aroused and ready for flight, thinking an impi was coming to 'eat us up.' We dont want Cetewayo back again."

They appeared deeply interested in Pangoola's description of the wonders in Natal.

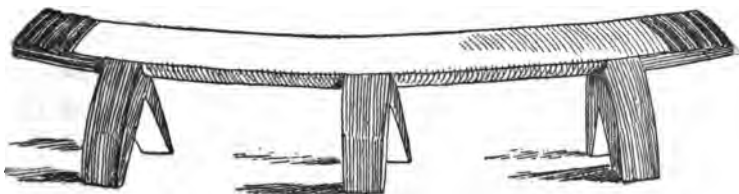
The Zulus are all great mimics, and Pangoola was an adept in the art. Although I did not understand the language, I heard him imitate the puffing of the steam launches, the whirling of the screws, the whistle of the railway train, and the noise which the brake made on being applied to the train when descending an incline.

The Zulus also imitate the cries of various birds and beasts—the blowing noise, which an 'umvubu,' or hippotamus makes, and the trumpeting of an elephant—being some of the most natural.

As we were short of a man my guide asked the old chief to let us have one. He demurred at first to letting one of his young men go, as he said his huts were in very bad state of repair, and wanted mending, and many other excuses he made, but at last, tempted with the promise of a cotton blanket, he consented, and sent us an excellent sturdy young fellow named Munios, meaning 'a bee.' He proved to be a capital fellow, and although he had hardly ever seen a horse he soon became very fond of ours, and looked after them thoroughly well.

The river Umveloosi ran through the valley at the bottom of the hill on which this kraal was built.

In the reeds by the river, a few miles away, a herd of elephants, numbering about twenty, had taken refuge, and it was in the forest adjoining that Dunn's hunter had lost his life, being trampled to death by an elephant. In the dry season the herd take refuge in the dense beds of reeds, whence it is impossible to dislodge them, and they only come out when the rainy season sets in, as the swollen river makes their retreat uninhabitable. They then take to the bush, but the rain which floods them out is at the same time their safeguard, as no European dare venture into the swampy malarious district during the rains, for if he did so the probability is that he would not come out again alive. Neither oxen nor horses will live in it. The elephants are thus comparatively undisturbed, and with the exception I have just mentioned, they have not been hunted for years. This is one of the few remaining herds of elephants now to be found in the country.



DOUBLE PILLOW.

CHAPTER IX.

ZULU "SLUIT"—THE "PAAUW"—METHOD OF COOKING—A BUCK
HUNT—WILD FOWL—IMPURE WATER—TOOHEY THE HUNTER—
BALDWIN'S EXPEDITION—THE RAINY SEASON—STRIKING OF
TOOHEY'S CAMP.

AFTER crossing the Umveloosi the country became very rough, and I made my first acquaintance with a thoroughly nasty Zulu 'sluit.' A 'sluit' is an old water course, with very steep banks and deep pools of stagnant water fringed with reeds, in which whole colonies of snakes love to lie.

By making many detours, we crossed without very much trouble several of these sluits, until we came to one about 15 yards wide, with almost perpendicular banks. I rode in one direction and Adams in another, to see if it was possible to find a good crossing. After searching the banks for a considerable distance, we could find no better crossing than the one we had come to originally. Adams seemed rather to enjoy my dismay, and remarked, that we should have to wade, and that these sluits were frequented by crocodiles. Pangoola, leaving the horses to crop the long grass, slid down the bank and sounded the bottom with his stick, Munios all the time shying stones into the water to scare the crocodiles. Pangoola

ventured nearly into the centre, the water being level with his shoulders, but eventually found a crossing a little shallower. All the packs and saddles were taken off the horses and carried to the opposite side, then the 'boys' came back for myself and guide. I climbed on the shoulders of Munios', and firmly catching hold of his woolly head, and clipping my knees under his chin, commenced the passage. My weight made my bearer rather top heavy, and he swayed about in a most alarming manner, causing me to clutch his wool more tightly. Pangoola followed to catch me in case I fell. The position was not a pleasant one to be in, on a broiling hot day, over a steaming muddy pool about 4ft. deep, with the fear of crocodiles before one's eyes, swaying about on the top of a nigger's back, feet dangling in the water, and every minute expecting that both of us would be capsized headlong into the pool. On reaching the other side, standing on the nigger's shoulders, I caught hold of the top of the bank and safely landed. Adams crossed in the same way. The horses, after a great amount of floundering, splashing, and struggling, came across safely, giving a snort of delight at getting over their difficulties, and indulged in several rolls on a patch of dry sand.

When this sort of amusement has to be gone through several times during the day, as is very often the case, it greatly militates against the pleasure of travelling.

An old Zulu witch doctor was seated on the opposite side of the sluit watching our proceedings. his dress being similar to what I have described before, with the exception that his head was decorated with a number of feathers of all kinds. He had with him a large quantity of splendid honeycomb, wrapped up in some palm leaves. We purchased it from him for a yard and a half of salampore, and after taking some with our lunch we filled a tin pannikin with it, and gave the rest to the 'boys.' They devoured a large quantity, but there was rather too much even for their appetite which is saying a great deal; so they carefully wrapped the remainder in palm leaves, and placed it in a pannikin, which they put on the pack horse.

Our pack horse had no name, but the circumstance of his carrying this honey gave him one. The jolting down the rough roads caused the palm leaf parcel to burst, and knocked off the lid of the pannikin. All the honey streamed down the animal's sides and crystallised in the sun, until one half of his coat looked as if it were covered with brown sugar. We accordingly dubbed him 'Honey,' and by that name he was afterwards known. Munios, 'the bee,' was intensely amused when we told him that he, should have taken greater care of his honey. The names of our other ponies were, 'Umsezwa,' or the young man, and 'Baby.'

At the next kraal, in the Umpokonioni district, three wagons belonging to Toohey, a hunter, were outspanned, but he was away with another wagon

at Usibep's kraal, the chief who rules over this territory.

Paauw were very plentiful about here, and we kept ourselves well supplied with game. The 'Paauw,' or great bustard, is a large brown bird, weighing from 30lbs. to 40lbs., and most delicious eating.

Our method of cooking was very simple. The bird was cut into pieces and put into a big earthen pot with some boiling water, along with anything else that we had in the larder, whether hares or partridges. A few sweet potatoes were thrown in, a packet or two of Kopf's soups, some compressed vegetables, and a teaspoonful of Liebeg. The stew was then placed on the fire and simmered for three or four hours, sometimes longer. When brought into the hut and the cover lifted off, the odour was most appetizing, and I have never sat down to anything in England so relishing as this Zulu hotch-potch.

The following day a buck hunt was organized. A large number of niggers assembled soon after 9 o'clock, armed with knobkerries and sticks. We were on horseback, and forming in a line we extended over the plain. The morning was fine and clear, with a cool fresh breeze blowing. The landscape was one vast rolling plain of tall waving grass, with here and there small trees and a few low bushes. A herd of reed buck were seen bounding over the hill, their

beautiful light fawn bodies and neat black horns standing in relief against the blue sky.

A shout from the niggers started a fine buck, almost under our feet. Bang, bang, but away he goes, and joins the herd. Hardly have we time to insert a cartridge, before another buck is on foot. One of the niggers flings his knobkerrie at it, and it turns in our direction. Adams slides off his horse, sinks down on one knee, and, taking careful aim, fires. Through my field glass I see the animal limping, although he is still going at a good pace. We gallop after him, and Adams, dismounting again, fires, hitting him in the shoulder, and brings him to the ground. Meanwhile the niggers have not been idle, for making a large circle round a patch of bush, they gradually close in; a large buck breaks away, but a small one falls a victim to about twenty knobkerries which are hurled at him.

The reed buck which we shot was a splendid full grown animal, weighing about 300lbs.

The rest of the antelopes being scared by the shooting, were restless and uneasy, and after several fruitless stalks we turned our attention to the water fowl, in a marshy 'vley,' about half a mile long, in one of the adjacent valleys. After creeping up under cover of the reeds, we managed to bag three large geese, of the same colour as the English farmyard goose, and in quite as good condition.

The water here was very impure, in fact the dearth of good water is a most fruitful source of fever and dysentery. The great mortality among our soldiers was traceable to the bad water. Had each man been provided with one of Atkin's pocket filters, there would not have been half the sickness among the troops. This filter consists of a small block of charcoal, about the size of a cake of soap, with an india-rubber tube fitting into a tin case.

In many places the water is taken from marshy sluits and pools, where it lies stagnant for months, exposed to the rays of the tropical sun, until a blue film spreads over the surface, and countless animalculæ breed and thrive in it. A specimen of water taken from one of these places was brought to me, the smell from it was most disagreeable, and the animalculæ swimming about were plainly visible against the shining bottom of the tin pannikin. I had been warned about the water before going into the country, and always took the precaution of boiling it before drinking unless taken from some river or running stream, and then I always drank it through the filter. My guide never drank it until he had boiled it, or mixed it with spirits.

Toohy returned from Usibep's kraal early the following morning, and we strolled down to have a chat with him. He was a splendid specimen of an Africander, that is an Englishman born in the colony. Tall and erect, being 6ft. 4in. high, with sharply defined

features, a prominent nose, a swarthy skin, and piercing coal black eyes, giving him an expression of resolution and daring. He had a dark moustache, and an imperial. His massive forehead was crowned with a large soft grey felt hat, with wide spreading brim, lined with green, turned up at one side, and fastened to the crown with a porcupine quill.

In the hatband were stuck a number of large feathers of all kinds of birds. In his ears, which were small, he wore large gold earrings. He was attired in the usual hunter's dress, an embroidered flannel shirt, open at the neck, showing his immense chest development. His face very much reminded me of some of the pictures by Vandyke of the old cavalier leaders. His greeting was hearty, and after some conversation, we agreed to follow him in a day or two to Saint Lucia Lake, where he was going to hunt hippopotami. His wife and five or six children occupied the covered travelling wagon, which was laden with blankets, beads, and other Kaffir goods. Two other wagons contained a large boat and tents, and a fourth was packed with stores of all kinds. To draw these huge wagons he had sixty head of oxen, besides some milch cows. He expected to remain hunting until the end of September, by which time the dry season would be over. As it would take him a month to trek down to Natal, he would just get out of the country by the time the rainy season commenced.

During the rainy season neither horses nor Europeans can exist in the low country, and the rivers become impassible for weeks.

When Baldwin went on a hunting expedition in the year 1857, out of eleven Europeans who accompanied him to St. Lucia Bay, only two reached Natal, the remainder having perished from fever and dysentery. A short distance from this kraal was a tree, under which three of the unfortunate men were buried.

In the dry season the country is healthy, provided that the camp is not pitched in too low a situation and proper precautions are taken. To secure immunity from fever, the Zulus always retire to their kraals before sundown, and do not leave them in the morning until the dew is off the grass, and thus to a great extent they escape fever, although in several of the kraals I saw many poor fellows who had suffered dreadfully.

Toohy had twenty Kaffir hunters and servants. Breaking up his camp was an interesting sight. The oxen were all driven in from the veldt, amid the shouting and whistling of niggers round the herd of excited beasts, many of them being new to the yoke. One beast would break away, and half a dozen Kaffir boys would tear after it; then another would rush off in an opposite direction, hotly pursued by the Kaffirs. After all had been driven up to the wagons, the difficulty then was to get the yokes on them. They twisted their heads, tossed up their horns, and

tried all kinds of dodges to prevent the yoke being put round their necks. Toohey was busy in the centre of the herd, yoking about as many oxen himself as all the rest of his niggers put together. At last one yoke are inspanned, the crack of the long hide whip, with a report like a pistol, sounds through the air, the driver urges his beasts with the wildest energy and the most unearthly noises, the 'forelooper,' or Kaffir leading the two front oxen, turns them in the required direction, the wheels creak, the dogs bark, and the first wagon moves slowly off, while the others are not long in following. As the first one starts the nigger next the driver strikes up a tune on the concertina, another thumps a tin biscuit box, which serves as a drum; and to these musical accompaniments the whole party are soon trekking merrily across the grassy plain.



INTERIOR OF HUT.

CHAPTER X.

ZULU BELIEF IN A SPIRIT WORLD—WITCH DOCTORS—CETEWAYO AND 'SMELLING OUT'—MODES OF TORTURE—REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF 'EATING UP'—UMPISANA'S SONG—ADAMS PLAYS A TRICK ON THE DOCTORS—KING TSCHAKA AND WITCHCRAFT—ZULU TRADITIONS AND RITES.

THE Zulus are firm believers in a spirit world, and hold that the spirits of their forefathers exercise an influence upon them for good or evil. They are consequently ancestral spirit worshippers, the witch doctors acting as mediums. The worship consists in offering sacrifices of cattle, sheep, or goats, the head of the family at the same time praising his ancestors by relating their names and deeds, in some instances going back as far as the 10th or the 11th generation. Many families have not traditions for so long a period, but I have it on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Robertson, that one chief went back as far as the 11th generation. When a sacrifice is made, a portion of the meat is put in the back part of the chief's hut for the spirits to partake of. The witch doctors, or priests, say when the sacrifice ought to be offered. In many cases the greatest cruelty is practised upon the animal, as in the following instance: The head of a family died, and the eldest son, when he first came to report himself to the king, brought a goat with him. It was taken to the gate, where its

belly was cut open, and with its bowels hanging out was driven outside to die. This custom is observed only in the case of great men, and heads of tribes.

A witch doctor is a most revolting looking person, being covered with charms of all descriptions, round his neck rows of teeth of various kinds, knuckle bones of sheep and goats, pieces of skin, dried toads, eyes of different animals, snake skins, and bracelets.

The following give fair samples of a witch doctor's remedies for disease :

A chief was sick, the witch doctors were called in, and, in accordance with their instructions, a goat was disembowelled inside the hut, and kept alive for eight hours, while portions of its inside were being administered to the patient as medicine.

Again, a boy had been bitten by a snake, which his companions killed, and brought to the witch doctor. He cut the snake in small pieces and put them in a calabash full of water, the filthy liquid being given to the unfortunate patient to drink. Nor was this all, for portions of the snake skin were burnt, and the ashes introduced into incisions made in the patient's skin near where he had been bitten. The boy of course died.

The Zulus are completely under the power of these witch doctors. They are consulted in all cases of illness, when cattle have strayed or been stolen, and they stimulate the warriors to fight by the most fiendish ceremonies. Their power over their poor

deluded fellow-countrymen is enormous, and anything a witch doctor says is done without a murmur. They use a variety of charms and spells, and when the spirit moves them, gnash their teeth, foam at the mouth, and throw their limbs into the most extraordinary positions. This is whilst they are consulting or appeasing the evil spirit, and when under the influence of this almost supernatural excitement their appearance is truly diabolical. Their power was made use of by King Cetewayo and the other chiefs for their own personal advantage. When Cetewayo had a spite against any of the minor chiefs, or he thought any one of them was getting too powerful, or when he wanted some cattle, or to add some wives to his harem, he would summon the chief witch doctors to his kraal, and having made them sit in a circle outside his hut, he would say, "Someone has bewitched me, as I had the stomach ache last night;" or "My cattle have the lung sickness;" or "One of my wives has not borne me any children; therefore I am bewitched." Meanwhile he had summoned several chiefs and Indunas to his kraal, including the man he wished to destroy, generally selecting as a victim the owner of the greatest number of cattle and wives. The witch doctors would be shut up in a hut together, to prepare themselves for the ceremony of "smelling out" the man who had bewitched the king, their preparation consisting of lashing themselves into a sort of hysterical fury. After a short lapse of time, all the

inhabitants of the kraal would assemble in the large square, the king and his Indunas in the centre with the witch doctors.

They then marched solemnly round the wretched circle of quaking cowering men and women, who, poor wretches, knew full well that all this meant death and destruction to one of them, and very often the massacre of their wives and little ones, who anxiously awaited their return in their peaceful kraal. In spite of their fear, they had implicit faith in these monsters in human form who thus terrorised over them, and in the bloodthirsty, crafty old king whom they blindly obeyed. After having completed the inspection, they would return to the king, and the ceremony begin. The witch doctors would then commence a low monotonous chant, which is one word, "Eswa," repeated over and over again. They would cry "Eswa," in low voice at one point in the circle, and the people would answer in a low voice. When a few paces from the selected victim, an Induna would raise his voice, the people theirs, and the witch doctors would know that they were not far off the right man. As they approached nearer to their prey, the Induna and people again raised their voices, and each wretched despairing man near the witch doctors would tremble lest he should be the selected victim. When opposite the miserable man, the people and witch doctors would shout in the highest key, and the latter would then know whom they were to

sacrifice. The selected victim, too, knew that all his hopes of life were over ; that horrible torture and a miserable death awaited him ; that his loving wives who tilled his mealie gardens, brewed his beer, and ministered to his daily wants ; his little children, and his fine grown up sons, who had learnt to throw the glittering assegai, or hurl with unerring aim the heavy knobkerrie ; even his aged relatives,—all would be sacrificed, and that nothing would be left of his once happy kraal except a pile of smoking ruins. The witch doctors would pass on, chanting the same chorus, although, lowering the key until they reached the point where they had commenced, when their voices would sink almost to a whisper. They would now bring out a bundle of rods, and throwing them by a peculiar twist of the hand, cause one rod to fly out from the rest in front of the man who was selected to die. Instantly a shout was raised, and the victim was hurried away, and made to confess, by torture, that he had bewitched the king. The cruelties perpetrated were too horrible to enumerate. Placing red hot stones on the groin, swallowing boiling water, and starvation, were some of the disgusting methods adopted. The ways of inflicting death were equally cruel. Such as being tied up in a sack and being devoured by, crocodiles ; fastening the victim near to a white ants' nest, and letting them slowly devour him ; tying him up in the woods and letting him starve ; placing a

reim or raw hide rope round his neck, binding him securely to a post, and stretching the reim tightly to another post, then beating on the stretched hide rope till the man's neck was gradually sawn asunder.

While the victim was being led away, an impi was sent to his kraal, and generally surprising it at night, massacred all the inhabitants, and destroyed all the blood relations of the condemned man who might be living in the adjacent kraals. If the wives were worth sparing they were taken to the king's kraal, with all the live stock, the kraal was burnt, and the mealie gardens rooted up.

The victim's enemies, or those who had given information to the witch doctors or king, were the men usually selected to carry out the sentence, and the king always sent some men specially to look after the cattle and bring them to him.

In many cases the first intimation a man had of being "smelt out" and "eaten up," was the arrival of an impi in the dead of night at his kraal. No trial or defence was ever permitted.

The following is an instance of a remarkable case of escape from "eating up : "

Umpisana was a man who lived, and it may be still lives at Etalaneni. Some years ago he was accused of witchcraft, and was to have been killed. A friend gave him timely warning of the fate awaiting him, and he at once thought of escape. But Umpisana, like a sensible man, did not wish to begin the journey

on an empty stomach. He accordingly killed several goats, and was preparing for a feast, when the alarm was given that the impi was at hand. All he could do was to seize a gourd full of thick milk, and run. The impi followed after him, and he dropped the gourd in a swamp. Being hard pressed, he disappeared into an enormous ant-bear hole, but, unfortunately for him, not without being seen. Before entering the hole he broke off the handle of his assegai in order that he might be able to use the weapon in a space so confined (to this circumstance he owed his life); he also drew in after him a small shield, with which he partially concealed himself. When the impi came up, they told him to come out, and, with treachery characteristic of the Zulus, told him that he would not be killed; that the king had forgiven him, and that all they wanted was his cattle. Umpisana, however, knew better than to trust to any such promises, and refused to come out. They then asked him about his cattle, where they were to be found, and he told them a string of lies, naming many places where he well knew they would not find them. In explanation of this I must tell you that no Zulu keeps all his cattle at his own kraal, and this for two reasons; (1) in order that should their owner be "eaten up" he may save some of them, and (2) that in case of sickness attacking the herd they may not all be lost by being in one place. *Ukusisa* is the word which expresses this sending of cattle to the care of friends; and no

herd, I believe, can be found in Zululand all belonging to one individual. When a killing or "eating up" case occurs, all the different owners go and redeem their own by the payment of a small fine to the impi, and, of course, it is the duty of the impi to trace and capture all the cattle that the "eaten up" man may have *sisaed*.

When this particular impi had obtained all the information, or rather, I should say, mis-information, they could out of Umpisana, they fired into the hole. He gave a great groan, and all was still. One of the party—an unwilling assistant—then said, "He was my uncle; let us bury him," by which he meant "let us fill up the mouth of the hole." This they did by collecting a quantity of stones which they placed in and over the hole. Umpisana had been untouched by either of the shots fired at him, and it is difficult to imagine a situation more horrible than was his—literally buried alive, and with hardly room to move. He at once began to dig himself out with the assegai he had taken in with him; but it was a slow and painful operation. It took him two whole days, and during that time he fainted he knows not how often renewing the work of digging when he came to himself again. At last he got out. The fresh air and a drink of water at a brook, to which he managed to creep, revived him, and he was enabled to reach his kraal. It was night, and he heard his people talking about himself. He stood and listened for a while, and then,

to attract their attention improvised and sang the following song, which being translated reads thus :

The rabbit has got out ;

The tribe of Mantombela (Umpisana's own tribe)
got only a feather.

How did you bury, tribe of 'Nntombela ?

Got only a feather is an allusion to a Zulu "isaga," or proverb, which is, "I thought I had caught the bird, but I returned with only a feather ;" equivalent to our saying, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Umpisana's life was spared, because the Zulus hold to a maxim that "no one is killed *twice* in Zululand."

At one of the adjoining kraals Adams played the witch doctors a very good trick !

Several head of cattle had been lost, and the head man at once sent for the witch doctors. They tried all their spells and enchantments in vain, and three doctors not being considered sufficient to overawe the evil spirits which had carried off the cattle, and make them tell where they were, several others were summoned, until there were perhaps a dozen or more. Adams commenced to chaff them, saying, "It is not of the least use you calling on the spirits, they have either gone hunting or they are asleep, and if they were awake they would not listen to you. If you wait here for another moon, you will never find out what has become of the cattle." One of the principal witch doctors then became very

angry, and said, "We know everything, we can find anything, but we have not the right 'mooti.' When we have the 'mooti' we will soon show you where the cattle are."

Adams showed them half-a-sovereign, and said that he would hide it, and if by to-morrow morning they could find where he had hid it he would give them a beast. The witch doctors accepted the challenge, and Adams turning round said, "I shall expose these rascals now."

They then withdrew to their hut, to brew the precious 'mooti' which was to restore the missing cattle.

Just after sundown, Adams quietly slipped out, and looking very carefully to see that he was not watched, walked on tiptoe to a large ant hill about 100 yards from the kraal. Taking out his penknife, he bored a hole in the hard mud wall, inserted the half sovereign in the aperture, and closed it up again. After carefully marking the spot he returned to the hut.

In the morning, the whole kraal turned out to see the witch doctors try their skill in finding the half sovereign. They formed a procession, Adams going with them. Opposite his hut they commenced to cry "Eswa" in a low tone, Adams leading off the chorus very loudly. Thereupon, the witch doctors entered the hut and turned everything over, but came out disappointed. All the time the search was going on they kept repeating the same monotonous chant.

In this way, all the huts were examined. Where Adams did not sing "Eswa" loudly, they did not examine carefully. Then the procession went all round the outside of the fence, and when they neared the ant hill Adams' voice sank almost to a whisper, whereupon the witch doctors turned about and resumed their search in another direction.

After about an hour of this sort of fun, Adams again began to chaff the witch doctors, saying, "The spirits have gone visiting, or they must be unwell, or they wont hear you. Surely they ought to hear you, for you make noise enough." Finally, leading them to the ant hill, he showed them where he had hidden the half sovereign, and told the old chief that he ought not to employ these men again.

In spite of this exposure of the barefaced trickery with which these scamps impose upon these simple people, they would not believe Adams, but only said, he was a great spirit, and had great 'mooti.'

It seems extraordinary that the people should be so deluded, and I can only attribute it to a sort of fascination that the witch doctors possess over them, which forces them to disclose secrets which no one else could find out.

Some of the revelations and prophecies of these men are so marvellous, that one of the missionaries assured me he could only account for them by attributing them to satanic influence.

Several men, who had travelled in the country frequently, said to me, that the only way in which the witch doctors could acquire the information they did, was by a system of spies in every kraal, and an oath of secrecy among themselves, constituting in fact, a most powerful secret society.

In the time of King Tschaka, they acquired so great a power that the king began to be afraid of them, so he hit upon the following expedient for getting rid of them. One night, unknown to anyone, he went into his cattle kraal, and killing one of the beasts, cut off its tail, and using it as a brush, daubed the front of his hut with the blood, then carefully obliterated any marks by which he could be traced.

In the morning there was a tremendous outcry. Tschaka rushing out of his hut declared some evil spirit had bewitched him, and calling all his chiefs together, he asked them what was to be done. They determined that all the doctors in the country should be called together, and whoever found out who had bewitched the king should have 100 head of cattle, but those who failed should die.

The witch doctors were greatly troubled, as those at the king's kraal well knew that it was only a ruse to get rid of them, because they were getting too numerous and too powerful. So each one came and said that he would go round and summon the others; but Tschaka refused, and sent his own messengers round to summon all the witch doctors they could find.

In a day or two they were all assembled. After invoking the aid of the spirits, they were ordered to seat themselves in a large circle, with the king and his counsellors in the centre. The king asked each one separately, who it was that had smeared the blood on his hut, and thus bewitched him. Various persons and animals were named as the culprit. At last one man answered that it was a Zulu king, meaning a 'celestial,' or king sent from heaven. After all had been interrogated, the king stood up amid breathless silence, and said,—“You are false witch doctors. There is only one of you who has found out who bewitched me, namely, he who said a 'celestial' had smeared the blood on the hut. I am the 'celestial' king, and I alone did it. I give that man as his reward the 100 head of cattle. As for you who have prophesied falsely, you shall die;” and waving his hand to an impi that was in readiness they fell upon the witch doctors and slaughtered them to a man.

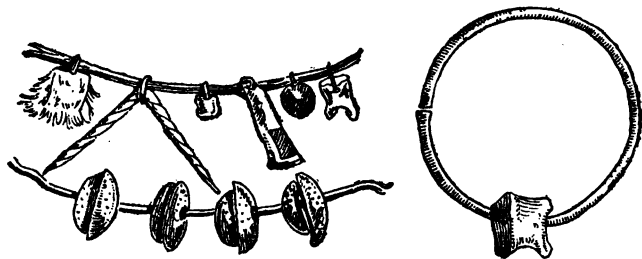
The Zulus believe in God, whom they term the Great Spirit, “Unkulunkulu.” To Him they attribute the creation of all things. God is said to have sprung from the reed, “Ohlangini”—the eternal stem, that is God Himself.

There is also a curious tradition among them regarding the origin of the first woman, almost exactly as we find it in the Bible. “Unkulunkulu” first made one man, after a time he killed him, and having

abstracted a small rib he made a woman from it, and then brought the man to life again.

They distinguish between clean and unclean animals. The hog, domestic fowls, the hartebeest, and a few other animals and birds being considered unclean, and consequently not eaten. Although they do not deem fish unclean, yet they never eat any.


There are certain rights of purification which they practise after a death has taken place in a family, and in the opinion of one of the oldest missionaries in Zululand, these and many other customs point to a time when their forefathers were much more intimate with the children of Abraham than they are now.



WITCH DOCTOR'S BRACELET AND NECKLACES.

CHAPTER XI.

TICKS—THE ANT BEAR—TRACES OF LIONS—KING PANDA'S WIVES—
MALE AND FEMALE DRESS—BOY'S PASTIMES—TRAINING ZULU
SOLDIERS—STRENGTH OF ZULU WOMEN—CETEWAYO'S CRUELITIES
—A ZULU BELLE.

 ONE of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasures of travelling in Zululand are the ticks. These horrid little insects exist in millions in the grass, and are of two kinds. One rather like a very diminutive louse, and another in shape like a crab, each about the size of a large pin's head.

As you ride through the grass they attach themselves in countless thousands to your horses' coats, the mane, neck, tail, and under the belly being the parts in which they mostly congregate. Burying themselves in the hairs, they fasten their vice-like legs into the skin and cause an intolerable itching. You cannot detect their presence, so small are they, until they begin to fill themselves with the blood of their victim. When they are gorged to repletion they gradually drop off, but only to be replaced by hundreds more. When swollen with blood they are of the size and colour of a large coffee berry. Several times a day the niggers would brush away these ticks with whisks of grass, but in a very short time they would be just as numerous again.

They also bury themselves in the human skin and you soon detect their presence by the itching. When you have got rid of the little monster he has so poisoned the flesh where he has bitten you, that a most painful and irritating sore breaks out, which often remains for months and years and leaves marks on you that will last for a lifetime. These are what are called "Natal sores," and it is rarely that a new comer escapes them, but when acclimatised you do not often suffer from them. The only precaution against them is to smother your body with oil, or fat, in the same way as the Zulus do, and then they will not attack you.

Other insect pests are midges and mosquitoes which exist in myriads in the low marshy districts, but are too well known to require any description.

An inky black sky and pouring rain the following morning, made the prospect anything but cheerful, particularly when the rains should have been over at least two months before, and we were in one of the most fever-stricken districts in the country.

My guide did not wish to start, but I persuaded him to do so, as I was heartily sick of our quarters. We began our weary march across the sodden, steaming plains, following the track of Toohey's wagons. The heat was oppressive, not a breath of air stirring, and with a ceaseless downpour such as one only sees in the tropics.

These plains are honeycombed with the burrows of the great ant bear, or ant hog. It is about 5ft. long, and is provided with very strong claws, which enable it to dig with such marvellous rapidity that it is impossible to dig one out if it has the slightest start. Ant hills abound everywhere, and consequently the holes made by the ant bear in order to destroy them are proportionately numerous. The bears only come out at night, and after burrowing under the the ants' nest they lick up the insects with their long tongues.

I was riding through the thick grass, talking to Adams about the habits of the ant bear, when my horse's fore feet disappeared in a huge hole, and I was deposited on my back, poor 'Honey' having considerable difficulty in extricating himself.

The rain ceased towards midday, and we found Toohey's wagons outspanned about twelve miles from our kraal.

When it is raining, the yokes gall the necks of the oxen, and soon make them sore and unfit for work. During the day we stayed with the wagons, and at night found shelter at some adjacent kraal.

The niggers told us, that four years ago the district south of St. Lucia Lake had been infested with lions, but they had now moved higher up the country. Ample evidence was afforded us that this statement was correct, as the huts in many places were built on a sort of platform supported on poles, about 10ft. from the

ground, and the kraal fences were very high and strong.

The people round here were as a rule remarkably civil, and were very well off, having large herds of cattle. No white man had been into the district for seven years, and Adams' white helmet frightened the people very much, all the men hiding in the bush leaving the women to receive us, afterwards coming forward one by one when they found we were not going to harm them.

Panda, Cetewayo's father, was a great friend of the English, and at one of the kraals, all the men having disappeared, two withered old crones who had formerly been King Panda's wives received us. On riding up to them, they called out "Hail great kings?" When we dismounted, one old dame took my hand, kissed it, and clasping it between her two palms pressed it to her breast in a most demonstrative way.

The dress of the married women is totally different from that of the girls. A girl lets her hair grow until she is betrothed, when she shaves all the front part of her head, leaving a small round patch at the back, which she sometimes works up to a point, or flattens out until it assumes the shape of a man-cook's cap.

This tuft is stained with red ochre, and in it is stuck a certain feather which is a sign that she is engaged. After marriage, which ceremony I will describe further on, the 'mouche' is discarded, and an 'ibaru,' or prepared calfskin petticoat, is worn round the waist,

which reaches down to the knees. The petticoat is made in the following way. A calf skin is tightly pegged out with numerous pegs raised a few inches from the ground. The hair is removed, and the skin scraped with pieces of cactus which work up the skin into a sort of fur on both sides. This is well greased, and made soft and pliable by being rubbed with the hands. Grass charcoal is then spread over it, and well rubbed in, until the skin is quite black. It is a very long process, but makes a soft warm garment which wears for any length of time. It is a curious fact that they will never make a petticoat from the skin of a white calf and they further say a white cow does not give as much milk as one of another colour.

Round the stomach they have a band of plaited grass, used in the same way as an abdominal belt. Across the breast, and hanging from the shoulders, is a piece of blue salampore.

Their ornaments are few, as most of the finery used, before marriage is discarded afterwards.

The married men wear a black ring on their heads, about the circumference of a penny and of the colour of black sealing wax. They make these head rings by first of all sewing the hair on to a ring made of palm leaves. They then obtain gum from an insect that infests the mimosa trees, which they form into a ring and lay over the palm leaf foundation. This ring which is exceedingly hard, is kept well greased, and polished

like ebony, for when a married Zulu has nothing better to do he is constantly rubbing it.

Until a Zulu gets married he has to work hard. When quite young he accompanies his father to the cattle kraal, and holds the cow while his father milks it. In boyhood he goes out with his elder brothers to mind the cattle and drive them to and from the pasture. He amuses himself, while out all day, by carving knobkerries, flinging them at birds, collecting roots and herbs, and learning to imitate the various cries of the birds and animals around him.

The greatest treat a young Zulu boy can have is the lights of a newly-killed bullock, which are the perquisite of the principal herd boys. They take it into the veldt and eat the greater portion. If their appetite is good and the quantity of meat small, they only rub the mouths of the smaller boys with it in order that they may taste the blood.

Another occupation of the young Zulu is catching young grasshoppers. These, when caught, they dismember while alive, and putting them on the end of a stick place them in the fire for a few minutes and then eat them.

Rat and mice hunting are favourite pastimes. The boys form a line in the grass, and beat up towards one boy who is placed some distance away, and he kills the vermin as they run out. Thus both at the kraal, and in the veldt he has a busy time of it.

When a boy arrives at the age of puberty the whole kraal are informed of the fact, and he has to absent himself for some time and remain with the cattle in the field. As he grows older he is taught to throw the assegai and shy the knobkerrie. When old enough he is drafted into one of the king's regiments, taken away from his kraal, and taught to be a warrior, returning only at rare intervals to his home.

The king adopted the method of the Spartans in training his warriors, making them diet themselves, use certain herbs and roots to purify their bodies, and by means of all kinds of athletic exercises prepare to encounter dangers and hardships. They were to forget that they possessed a father and mother. Love was deemed effeminate, and in order not to encourage it, the king, one year, ordered all the marriageable girls to be killed, which brutal and cruel order was executed. I shall have more to say about that massacre later on.

After a youth was once drafted into the king's army the mother of the young soldier was not allowed to bear any more children. If she did, it was deemed an offence which was punishable by a most violent and cruel death. This was in the days of bloodshed and murder when Cetewayo was in full power. It is a well-known fact that many wives, who had been long happily married, used to run away to Natal. The king's cruel order was the cause of it. In order to make the soldiers invulnerable, before

they went into battle the witch doctors performed a ceremony called "Ukukufula." An ox was tied to a stake, all the warriors standing round in a circle each with his shield and assegai. A fire was made, and a piece of flesh cut off the rump of the living animal was roasted in the fire and then handed round to all the men. When this was finished a priest came round and made an incision in each man's skin, in which he inserted powdered charcoal made from various roots and herbs. The warriors were then sprinkled with water into which various charms had been thrown.

On one occasion a missionary had an interview with Cetewayo, and was endeavouring to explain to him the principles of Christianity. The king listened rather coldly. The missionary discoursed on the mysteries of heaven and hell, and said that all wicked people would have to undergo endless and intolerable torments in a lake of fire. The king appeared a little more interested, and said, "You don't think that I or my warriors are afraid of hell? We Zulus are afraid of nothing. Our wooden spoons are all old," meaning they had never been conquered. "How hot do you think hell is? I will show you what my young men can do." He thereupon gave orders for a large space outside his kraal to be covered with dry logs and brushwood, which was set fire to in different places. The fire burnt furiously and the heat was intense. Then Cetewayo turning to the missionary said, "Is that as

hot as hell? My young men can soon put it out if it is only like that;" and summoning two impis he ordered them to stamp out the raging fire. With wild cries and gesticulations they rushed on to the burning mass, soon putting out the flames, but burning themselves dreadfully in the process. After the last spark had been extinguished, Cetewayo turning triumphantly to the missionary said, "See what my young men can do. Do not talk to me any more about hell fire."

After a considerable length of service the soldier was drafted into the old men's regiment, permitted to marry, and excused such a prolonged attendance at the king's kraal. He then had time to tend his cattle and plant his mealies, although called up at frequent intervals for drill. Throughout his life he was at the mercy of the the king. He never knew what liberty was, and his miserable existence often ended in a violent death.

The country, changed as we progressed. Patches of bush became more frequent, and in the distance dense forests bordered the shores of St. Lucia Lake.

One evening we arrived at a kraal where we meant staying a few days, in order to allow Toohey's wagons to overtake us, he having to make a considerable detour to avoid some marshes.

After tea we distributed a number of presents, and as everyone who had a present remained, there was a great crush inside the hut. The men and women

were packed two deep all round, and there was a great talking and chattering. At last the atmosphere became so insufferable, that I said to Adams, "For heaven's sake get rid of these people." He replied, "I know how we can clear the hut in five minutes, and pulling out a tin of red pepper from one of the packs, he put a little in a paper and placing it on the fire, quickly crawled through the doorway, whither I followed him. The noise inside continued for a few moments, then a general chorus of coughing and sneezing ensued, and not being able to stand it any longer, the people came tumbling out one after the other, coughing, spluttering, and laughing, but not understanding the trick that had been played on them. After the last one had come out we allowed time for the fumes of the pepper to escape through the thatch, when we again went inside and spent the rest of the evening quietly.

The following day being Sunday, we thought of having a ride in the bush, instead of pushing on any nearer to the lake.

After Pangoola had brought me my cup of tea at sunrise, he, together with Munios, went to look for the horses, and after scanning the horizon, returned with the unpleasant intelligence that they were nowhere to be seen. Now, the land was flat for miles all round the kraal, and as all Zulus have a marvellous sight, and could see any horses or cattle if within a radius of five miles, we knew that our steeds must be a very

long way off. The 'boys' started in pursuit, following their 'spoor,' or tracks.

It is most wonderful how the Zulus follow up 'spoor.' The slightest bend in the grass, the displacement of a leaf or stone, will show them the way the beasts they are looking for have gone.

They did not return until the afternoon, having come up with the horses about 13 miles away. They were making for Toohey's old encampment.

About ten o'clock in the morning two young girls and their mother arrived at the kraal. They had heard that we were there, and had come a distance of 14 miles to see us, the road being through a dense forest, precipitous jungles, and across the head of a bay, which was two or three miles wide, and waist high at low water. Each girl carried on her head, in a palm leaf basket, about 20lbs. of mealies, and the mother had a large basket of sweet potatoes. They were tall, erect, noble looking women. They carried their loads as if they did not feel them to be a burden, and their step was light and elastic.

They were most delighted with the salampore we gave them, and I shall never forget the look of pleasure with which they accepted it. As soon as they secured their presents they started off back to their kraal.

Imagine the strength and agility of these women, to walk 28 miles through the roughest country without rest or refreshment, and for half the distance carrying about 20lbs. of dead weight upon their heads.

I heard a good story at this kraal about Cetewayo which illustrates his barbarous character :

When his mother died he made great lamentation, and would not be consoled. He was in a towering passion at the idea of the spirits taking away the king's mother. He accordingly tried to find some excuse to stir up strife, in order that he might visit his rage on some one. 'Smelling out' and 'eating up' being much too common an amusement, he hit upon a novelty, and summoning all the unfortunate young men who happened to be with him at the kraal, he brought them before him, and asked each of them if their mother was alive. Some replied in the affirmative, others in the negative. When all had been questioned, he burst into a fit of fury, ordered the men, on pain of death, to go home and slay their mothers, and the fiendish mandate was obeyed.

These anecdotes concerning the Zulu King were well authenticated by traders and others, and I do not doubt their genuineness.

During my visit to a kraal I did a considerable trade in ornaments, in exchange for beads, handkerchiefs, and salampore, although everywhere I found the Zulus had a great reluctance to part with their finery.

The first barter I had was for a girl's 'mouche,' and was very amusing. I asked her to sell me her 'mouche,' which she agreed to do for half a dozen strings of pink beads. She went into the next

hut, and put another 'mouche' over the one she was going to sell me, and then came back and took off the old one. It consisted merely of beads fastened on to a foundation of bark, without any fringe in front. I said to her, "I cannot take this back to England without a fringe, so you must put me one on." This she promised to do, and also to repair it in places where some of the beads had become loose. She told me that this 'mouche' had taken her 12 months to make. I asked her to bring it into our hut, in order that I might see her at work.

She was a beautiful girl, tall and graceful, her colour not very dark but dusky, a rather flat nose, searching black eyes with long drooping eye lashes, giving her a timid fawn-like expression. A more perfect savage beauty I never saw, and her behaviour was as modest as she was good looking.

Stretching one of her feet out she tied one end of the 'mouche' to her toe, holding the other end in her hand. Arranging a bundle of animals' sinews and a few beads she commenced to work. Her needle was a sharp piece of iron, with which she made a hole in the 'mouche' where she wished to put on some more beads. Then taking up one of the sinews and moistening it with her mouth, she rolled it rapidly on her thigh, then separated it into a number of fine threads. Taking a single bead she tied it on the thread of sinew, and, pushing it through the hole made by the needle, fastened it on. In this way every single bead

was put on, and each bead was attached separately to the fringe in front, so that wherever it gave way only a few beads would come off.

A friend of hers came in, and she also was at work making a new 'mouche,' the foundation of which was of beaten bark, instead of the usual shreds of blankets which one sees lower down the country. She was making hers extra strong, and twisted the sinews into a stout thread on her knees.

When the alterations were finished my guide gave her the beads, but she looked first at her 'mouche' and then at the beads, and I could see her dark eyes filling with tears. I told Adams to give her some more beads and a handkerchief, with which she was intensely pleased, and left us very well satisfied with her bargain.

The other girl was expecting a present, so I pulled out a broad elastic band, and placed it on her wrist. She appeared very much delighted, and both she and her friend examined it with great curiosity. At last she caught hold of it between her fingers, and stretching it out let it go again, when, of course, it snapped back round her wrist. Adams said, "Now, young lady, you are bewitched. Don't you see that the bracelet will not leave you? for the more you stretch it the more it springs back. Again trying it with the same effect, she felt convinced that Adams was right, and tearing it off her wrist she burst into tears and rushed out of the hut.



ZULU GIRL.

CHAPTER XII.

KRAAL REDUCED TO ABSOLUTE POVERTY BY CETEWAYO AND USIBEP
—‘EARTH’ AND ‘COUGH’ NUTS—OUR STEED INCESWA REFUSES
TO CARRY THE PACK SADDLE—DECEPTION OF AN OLD CHIEF—
ARMED ZULUS.

WE noticed a great scarcity of cattle further on, and suspected that Usibep had been ‘eating up’ some of the unfortunate people, and our suspicions were confirmed later on, when we moved nearer the lake. About five or six large kraals had been destroyed, the young mealies rooted up and left to rot on the ground, and all the live stock driven off. We were obliged to find shelter at one of these miserable places, the remains of what had been comfortable huts being patched up in a temporary fashion. The cattle kraal was empty, and the fences destroyed, leaving the unfortunate inhabitants open to the attacks of hyenas, lions, and other wild beasts. These people, whose condition had been prosperous and happy, were reduced to absolute beggary and to the verge of starvation. The picture was a sad one. On riding up to the huts no cattle were to be seen, no dogs rushed out to give us a noisy welcome, and the miserable people, utterly ruined through no fault of their own, but merely the victims of the caprices of a petty tyrant, stood together dejected and downcast.

We had to go supperless to bed, as no food of any kind was to be found in the kraal. As we dare not let our horses run in the forest, they had to be kept tied up outside, hungry and restless.

A large pile of shields occupied one side of the hut, and we had a barter with the head man for some of them, but he was very unwilling to sell. He complained most bitterly about Usibep and Cetewayo, as he had been 'eaten up' by the latter before the war, and again by the former after the war, and had only one cow left out of all his herd. Being in a remote district, the British Resident would not be likely to hear of Usibep's doings. All his young men had gone down to Natal to work, in order to get money to buy some more cattle.

Before we left, some women brought us in a few baskets of earth nuts, about the size and colour of a very small nutmeg, with a soft shell, and a rather oily, bitter taste.

Growing in the woods we found some nuts, called 'cough' nuts, which, if eaten, bring on an attack of such violent hiccoughing, that unless prompt measures are taken the sufferer will die from exhaustion.

The men, women, and children clustered round us when we were saddling the horses, which they regarded with the greatest curiosity, never having seen such a strange animal before.

'Honey' having carried the packs all the way from Natal, we thought it desirable that "Inceswa" should

relieve him. The 'young man' laid back his ears and looked very suspiciously at us, while we were engaged in tightening the girths under the pack saddle, and adjusting the packs. He was very quiet until Pangoola endeavoured to put the crupper under his tail, when he thought it was time to make a stand against the degradation of carrying the packs, and putting his head down struck out at Pangoola, sending that worthy flying into the group of terrified niggers, then backing round laid me sprawling, and showed Adams his heels within a few inches of his nose. I held on to the 'reim,' until I found I was being dragged into a thorn bush when I was forced to let go, and Inceswa, giving a parting fling, darted into the bush, scattering the contents of the packs right and left, and breaking the girths disappeared into the recesses of the forest. The niggers, men, women, and children fled in all directions when they saw this little display of the animal's temper, and they would not come within a good hundred yards of the horses again. After a great deal of difficulty we caught our steed and saddled him. Finding all efforts to put the pack saddle on him useless, we again put it on the unfortunate 'Honey.'

Riding towards Toohey's wagons, whom should we meet but our host returning with an empty beer pot. He tried to avoid us, but Adams galloped after him, and gave the sneaking old scoundrel a most fearful scolding for telling us he had no food, and then

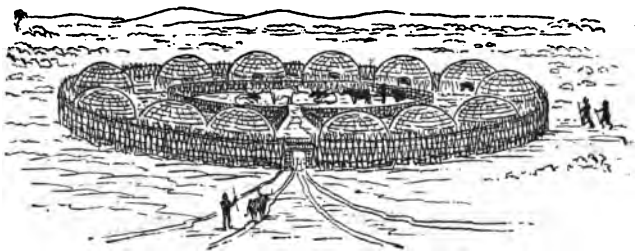
skulking off before it was light to sell some beer to Toohey's people. Two of his young men came up while the controversy was going on. On their heads they had war plumes, made of a large bunch of long black feathers, and were armed with assegais. They were magnificent specimens of Zulus. They scowled at us in the most vicious way, and seemed inclined to resent our intrusion, but Adams told them he would stand no nonsense, and they went off into the bush, turning round to give us a parting scowl ere they disappeared. This was the only occasion during my tour, in which we experienced the least resentment or rudeness from any of the Zulus. These men belonged to one of the regiments which had conquered us at Isandula, and not having been in action since, thought themselves invincible. That accounted for the very off-hand way in which they treated us.

On only two or three more occasions did I see any Zulus carrying assegais, as they had been ordered to give up all their weapons, and not to carry arms on pain of having a fine of cattle levied on their district. Notwithstanding all these regulations very few of the guns taken at Isandula were given up, and quantities of guns and ammunition were concealed in various parts of the country. On asking at a kraal for cartridges you would of course be met with an emphatic denial, but if you offered some handkerchiefs or salampore, the niggers would remember that there

were two or three cartridges they had lost which they would try and find.

Previous to the war Cetewayo procured large quantities of powder through Delagoa Bay, and my guide told me that when he was travelling through Tonga Land, he frequently met long lines of niggers each with a keg of powder upon his head. Not content with this, the King purchased a powder mill and manufactured gun powder himself at a kraal of his near Ulundi. At the same time he was protesting to the Natal Government that his intentions were peaceful.

Large numbers of guns were procured from the same source, and many of them are still in the country, buried in out of the way places, and in possession of the natives in districts where our troops did not enter.



KRAAL IN USIBEP'S TERRITORY.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOOSE POINT—SCENERY ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ST. LUCIA—FLOCK OF PELICANS — REPAIRING AND LAUNCHING OF TOOHEY'S BOATS ON THE LAKE—WE SEEK QUARTERS FOR THE NIGHT—GET ENTANGLED IN A MORASS—EVIL EFFECTS OF POISONOUS HONEY.

WE were now within a few miles of the Goose Point, and all were eagerly looking forward to the end of the journey.

The forest was very dense, and it seemed as if Toohey's wagons would not be able to push their way through, but with a great amount of labour they were dragged through a narrow opening, several branches of the trees overhanging the track having to be cut down.

When we emerged into the open the view was simply grand. We stood on the crest of a steep hill which sloped down to the water's edge. About half a mile distant on either side of us, were two immense arms of the lake, the shores fringed with dense foliage. We had been travelling along the promontory between the two arms of the lake for several days past, although the water was hidden from our view by the woods. To our right hand stretched the forest covered shore

on the other side of the lake, nearest the ocean, and in that direction the lake extended northwards for some 60 miles, having the appearance of an inland sea. The northern shore, of course, not being visible. Opposite to the Goose Point the lake was only two or three miles wide, and the shore was bounded by high jungle-covered cliffs. The hill on which we were standing bounded a horse-shoe-shaped basin, the side nearest the lake being elevated only a few feet above the water, and for half a mile round was comparatively clear of bush. The grass had not been burnt and was tall and rank, while dense patches of gigantic euphorbias and feathery mimosas studded the slope.

It was midday and oppressively hot. The dark blue surface of the lake was unruffled by a single breath of wind. Here and there on its placid surface were small black specks looking like logs on the water, which, on scanning through the field glass, we found to be large hippopotami quietly sleeping, half of their ugly brown heads projecting above the surface of the water, while smaller brown specks proved to be voracious crocodiles taking an afternoon nap.

Between us and the distant shore was a long white line, which to the naked eye appeared like a sheet of foam breaking over a sandy shallow, but on our taking a look through the glass turned out to be an immense flock of pelicans floating on the water, packed closely together three or four deep and quite half a mile in length.

The oxen required carefully leading, down the steep hill, both on account of the numerous ant bear holes, and of the deep pits which the natives had made to catch the hippopotami, and which covered by the long grass were very dangerous.

At length the rising ground close to the shore was reached, and preparations for the encampment were made. The wagons were drawn up close together, and the oxen outspanned and driven off by one of the 'boys' to graze.

The boats which had been blistering in the burning sun for more than a month, were lifted off the wagons, and niggers were hacking away right and left, clearing a pathway through the bush to get the boats down to the water's edge.

Here, as in all African lakes, there was a bank of tall reeds, 15ft. high, stretching for 20 or 30 yards into the water, and a way had to be made through them to launch the boats. It was a very pretty sight watching the niggers, as they went in, breaking down the reeds very carefully, their black bodies contrasting with the dark green of the reeds above their heads and the blue water at their feet. While breaking down the reeds, they kept shouting and driving their long sticks into the water on either side of them to scare away the crocodiles.

Other niggers had turned the other boat bottom up, and were busily engaged recaulking her seams, and making new row-locks. Some were collecting fire

wood, putting up tents, or making a 'hartebeeste' house—or shelter for the night. All were chatting, laughing, and singing. The man with the concertina, seated on a huge stump was discoursing sweet music, while his companion with the biscuit tin relieved the somewhat monotonous tones of that instrument by loud thumps on his improvised drum.

Having made arrangements for a hunt next day, we rode off to find the nearest kraal, and were lucky in finding one with plenty of cattle, after making a long detour to reach it. We had delayed so long looking at the beauties of the lake, that it was nearly dark ere we started to look out for quarters. Meeting a nigger on the way he told us there was a kraal in the direction of the forest, and through the evening mists we just discerned the faint blue smoke of the fires. Riding straight in the direction of the smoke, we were chatting and talking about the prospects of to-morrow's hunt, when suddenly both the horses floundered into a deep morass. We threw ourselves off just in time, and standing on a firm patch of ground, by dint of great exertion managed to get the unfortunate beasts out. Covered with mud, cold, tired, and hungry, here we were fixed on a patch of anything but firm ground in the midst of a quaking bog, with a comfortable kraal not half a mile away. We patiently waited while Munios and Pangoola tried the ground all round us. We could not get back the way we came, but at last after struggling and floundering we found a fairly firm

way out, and had then to make a detour of two or three miles round a large stretch of forest before we reached our destination.

This evening two Zulus came in with a large quantity of honey of the finest quality. They heard we were coming, so three days previous to our arrival having found a bees' nest at the root of a large tree, burnt the tree down and secured the honey. We rewarded them with two cotton handkerchiefs.

Our evening meal consisted of coffee, and 'maas' mixed with honey, of which we partook heartily and with great relish.

About half an hour afterwards, I felt a dry burning sensation on my tongue, which gradually extended over my mouth and down my throat, till it almost seemed as if a red hot poker had been forced down it, and my stomach felt as if it had been filled with hot stones, in addition to which I had a most intolerable thirst. I noticed Adams did not talk much, so I said to him, "What makes you so quiet?" He replied, "I don't know, but I feel very queer." "So do I," I said, and then I explained my symptoms. "I know what it is," he answered, "this honey is made from euphorbia flowers, which are very poisonous." This explanation made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable, but I elicited from him that there was not much danger, as the 'maas' taken with it would neutralise the effects of the poison. Directly he mentioned poison, I dived into the packs and

pulled out a bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt, and emptying a quantity into two pannikins, filled them up with water, and several times repeating the dose in a few hours we were considerably better, although we did not get rid of the burning sensation for some days.



EXTERIOR OF HUT.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORNING RIDE—OUR BOAT—TEACHING 'DOUBLE JOHNNY' TO ROW—
SHOOTING HIPPOPOTAMI—A SEA COW NEARLY CAPSIZES OUR
BOAT—ADVENTURE WITH A CROCODILE—NEST AND EGGS OF THE
CROCODILE—SEA EAGLE—FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

FEARLY the next morning, after breakfast, we saddled the horses and made for Toohey's camp. The sun was below the horizon, just tinting the clouds in the east with faint patches of red and yellow, while the moon and the stars shone brightly. The whole forest was silent and still bathed in a thick mist, heavy dewdrops hanging from every bough and leaf. As we cantered along through the soaking grass, and brushed the overhanging boughs, a perfect shower of dewdrops rained on us, wetting us through long ere we reached our destination.

By the time we gained the camp the moon and stars had paled and faded away, leaving the glorious blue sky lit up by the rays of the morning sun.

Toohey had started before we arrived, but left us the smaller boat, which was minus a rudder and leaked in every seam, necessitating constant bailing. A nigger from the kraal came with us to assist in rowing. He had never been in a boat nor seen one in his life, and was rather reluctant at first

to accompany us. His name was unpronounceable, so we christened him 'Double Johnny,' that being the nearest approach in English to the original.

We pushed out into the lake, and when clear of the reeds gave Double Johnny a lesson in the art of rowing, but he proved a very inapt pupil. He clutched at the end of the oar like a monkey, and kept giving spasmodic jerks, sitting bolt upright and pulling with all his might from his arms. We managed, however, to make him tolerably useful, but never could induce him to row properly.

There was a strong breeze blowing, and what with an oar as a make-shift rudder, and our stupid oarsman, it was exceedingly difficult work to keep in the required direction

Adams stood in the bow, rifle in hand, and although several hippopotami or sea cows rose within 30 yards of us, the rocking of the boat prevented him getting a steady shot. On nearing the opposite shore at least five or six showed their heads, but Adams missed several times, so abandoning the idea of shooting any, we rowed across the arm of the lake. When half the distance was accomplished I felt something suddenly strike the oar I was steering with, knocking it out of my hand. Adams shouted "Look out, it is a sea cow." Before the words were well out of his mouth the animal lifted the stern of the boat high in the air, as nearly as possible shooting us all into the water, while a noise like a rush of steam from a safety valve, just under

the stern of the boat, told us that the sea cow was taking in a supply of air, before diving again into the muddy depths of the lake.

We landed on a pretty wooded point to cook our luncheon, and while Pangoola was preparing it I strolled into the bush with my gun. I had not gone many yards when I heard a shot and a shout, and quickly running back, I saw an immense crocodile writhing, twisting, and lashing the water with his tail within 10 yards of the shore. Just as I had gone away he had risen close to Adams, who shot him in the eye. As he swam slowly off we gave him two more shots. At length we saw him turn turn over on his back. We then shoved the boat off in order to secure him, but he had dived to the bottom of the lake, where he lay concealed. After a good deal of poking about with the boat hook we stirred him up, and he made for a belt of reeds. I had four more shots at him, the only effect being to make him writhe and snap more vigorously than ever. We steered the boat to where he was rolling about, and I made a running noose of the painter to cast over him. Adams said, "Put it between his teeth, for if he seizes it he will not loose, and we can drag him out easily." He snapped his great jaws at us, every now and then giving a whack with his tail, lashing the water into foam. "Be careful," shouted Adams, as I made one or two ineffectual casts. His warning was not without reason, for in leaning forward to get a better aim, the

jerking of the boat as nearly as possible precipitated me on the top of the infuriated reptile, and had it not been for Adams catching hold of my legs I should have been overboard. The next attempt was successful, the loop of the rope fell over his nose, between his extended jaws, which he quickly closed. We now pulled ashore, and handing the loose end of the rope to Double Johnny and Pangoola he was quickly hauled on dry land.

Directly he was out of the water the niggers, who were terrified at him while in his native element, recovered their pluck, and commenced to call him the most dreadful names they could think of, kicking him with their feet, although they took very good care to keep away from his tail, which every now and then swung round like a sledge hammer. At length they killed him with their assegais, and cut out his eyes for 'mooti.'

He was 15ft. long, but appeared much larger when in the water.

A short distance from where we shot the crocodile was a long stretch of sand, covered with patches of grass, and running out into the lake. Among the clumps of grass and sand were numerous crocodiles' nests. The eggs were of a cream colour, and about the size of that of a goose. A hollow place was scraped in the sand, and in this the eggs were deposited in alternate layers of eggs and grass.

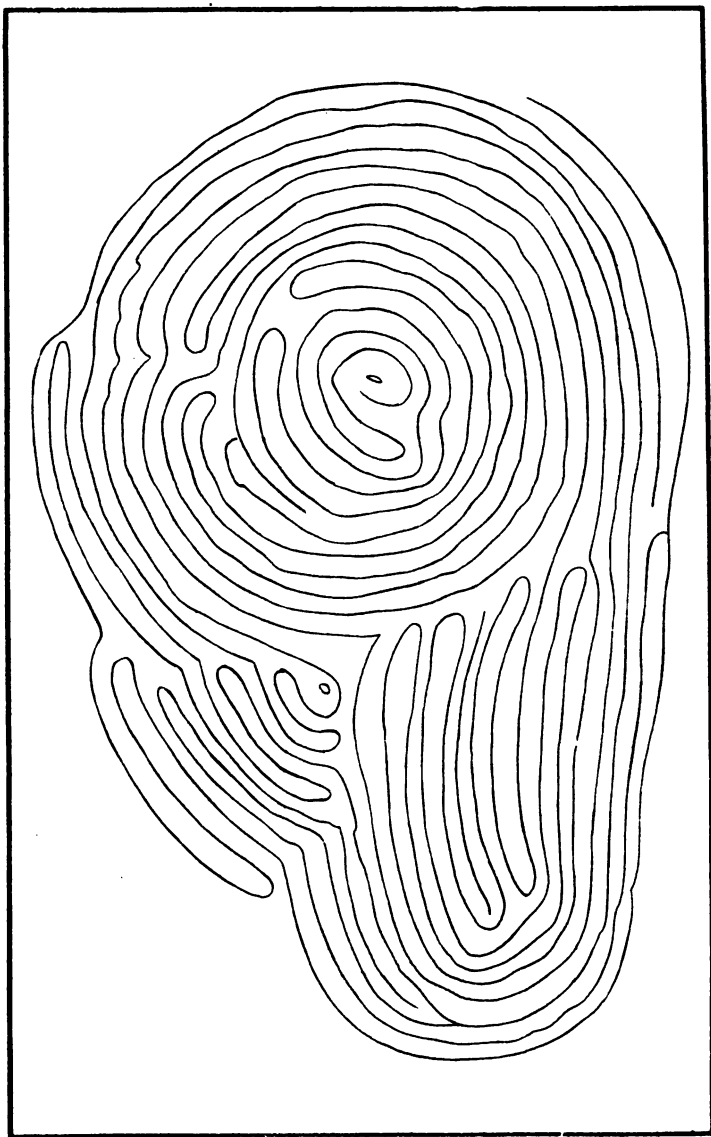
The eggs—the skin of which is thick and leathery—are hatched by the heat of the sun, and if it were not for the number of birds and beasts that prey upon them, the crocodiles would so multiply that nothing else would be able to live either in or near the waters which they frequented. Fragments of eggs were scattered everywhere along the sandy shore and on the grass, which had either been hatched or destroyed by the birds.

We could hear Toohey firing away about 4 miles from us. It was a wonderful sight, on scanning the forest-covered shores on both sides of the lake, to see troops of niggers moving about among the trees. They seemed to spring up like magic at the first shot, and were swarming down in scores in the direction where Toohey was shooting, as they anticipated a feast on sea cow's meat.

After a hard pull across the lake, for the wind was still blowing fiercely, we arrived at the landing place. There were numerous birds of all kinds flying about, one magnificent white-headed sea-eagle particularly attracted my attention. He sailed over the trees and perched himself on the loftiest branch of a solitary euphorbia, where he sat surveying the lake beneath with a disdainful look, his splendid white head contrasting well with his jet black plumage.

Mrs. Toohey's 5 o'clock tea, with brown bread and butter, under the shade of a leafy screen which the niggers had put up to keep off the sun's rays, was most delicious.





ZULU LABYRINTH.

CHAPTER XV.

ZULUS HAVE NO CALENDARS—POSSESS FEW OR NO IDEAS OF TIME AND SPACE — CAN ONLY COUNT FROM ONE TO TEN — ZULU PIPE — ‘SMOKING GAME’ — ITS EFFECT ON THE NERVES — GAME OF ‘USOGEXE.’

AT our kraal in the evening I endeavoured to find out from our numerous visitors what their ages were, but none of them could tell me, for a very good reason, that they did not know. One young boy, however, whose name was “Owl,” had been down in Natal, and had got some idea of numbers and of time. On asking him how old he was, he replied with a very grave air that he was not very sure but that his father said he was about sixty.

The only calendar that I saw in any kraal was a stick with notches cut on it, which served to show the date when cows were due to calve.

Another thing which struck me as remarkable was, that the Zulus had no idea of distance. If you asked a Zulu how far it was to a certain place, he would say he did not know. If you pressed him for an answer, he will probably reply—‘The sun will be high before you get there,’ or, ‘The moon will be up.’ Of the distance in miles he could not convey the faintest idea.

But this is not so much to be wondered at, when we remember that their entire knowledge of numbers

consists in counting from 1 to 10. Their ignorance is further shown by the fact that they believe the world to be a flat plain, and that Natal and Zululand each possess a sun and a moon of their own.

It is exceedingly difficult to tell how old a Zulu really is, as they do not bear the marks of age like white men do, and the appearance of a man between the age of 20 and 50 does not vary much. I saw very few old men, and was told that most of them had been killed by Cetewayo, when they disapproved of his high-handed policy in his dealings with the English. This may or may not be true, but certain it is there are very few old men in the country. Among the women, however, I noticed many who must have been 60 or 70 years of age.

The next day was very stormy, with showers of rain at intervals, making shooting impossible. One boat was sent across the lake to fetch a sea cow which Toohey had shot the day before, but the weather was so rough that the boat was unable to return. We spent the day riding in the forest. The variety of lovely trees and flowers made the scenery perfect, but the birds and monkeys were silent, and the buck had retreated into the tangled jungle, as they always do during a gale of wind.

After dinner, our hut was as usual crowded with Zulus, and we witnessed a very strange entertainment, which for want of a better name I will call a 'smoking game.'

The men and women were all seated in a circle round the fire. The head man took the pipe, which was made of a cow's horn, with a reed inserted in it about 6 inches from the mouth of the horn, the bowl of the pipe being fastened to the reed, and made of red soap-stone beautifully carved. Having filled the bowl with dried herbs, he lighted them and inhaled the smoke through his mouth and nostrils, coughing violently during the process. He then passed the pipe to his neighbour, and a boy handing him a hollow reed he spat through it on to the floor in front of him, and rubbed the spittle with his finger into a little black circle about the size of a half-crown. In this way he kept making circles until he had made quite a collection of these little patches, and which were intended to represent cattle. Passing the reed to his neighbour he went through the same process, and drew a circle round the cattle to represent the kraal fence. As the pipe went round, the outer fence of the kraal was defined on the ground and the huts put in. The picture of the kraal being finished another was commenced, and the pipe going round, as before, coughing and spitting became general.

Sometimes they varied the drawings on the ground, the men on each side having a pipe and drawing rival armies marching against each other in battle array.

On one occasion they were very much excited over this mimic warfare. The drawings represented a vast impi overwhelming a small force, which was being

gradually driven towards a wavy black line two or three feet away. I asked what it was, and they told me that it represented the Zulus driving the English beyond the sea.

This incident only shows that the nigger's one idea, although he may appear perfectly friendly, is to drive the white man into the sea, and if they were only to combine together they would accomplish their desire without the least difficulty, but fortunately for ourselves tribal jealousies prevent this. At the same time it cannot be denied that the vast increasing number of natives within and around the Natal borders is a constant menace to the safety of the few white inhabitants.

The herbs that the Zulus smoked seemed to affect them to an extraordinary degree, as they became quite wild and incoherent for some time after inhaling the smoke.

When the game was at its height, the hut was insufferably hot, and it needed some courage to stand the strange exhibition of ten or a dozen men and women, in different stages of intoxication from the fumes of the herbs, all chattering, coughing, and spitting with wild energy.

Another game they played in the same manner was a puzzle or labyrinth drawn on the floor of the hut. This is called 'Usogexe,' and I have given an illustration facing page 145, of one drawn by a Zulu named Ulushitshi.

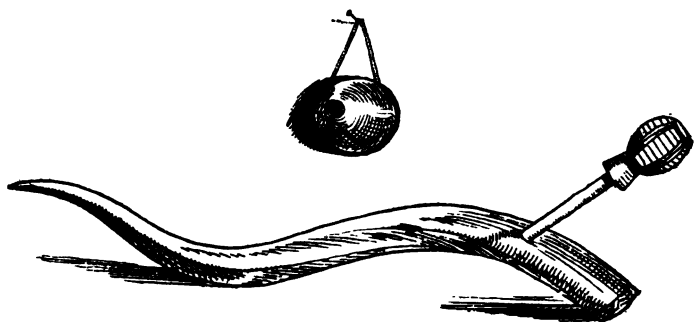
When one of these is sketched on the floor the men try in turn with their finger to get into the centre point and out again, without crossing a line or being shut in a corner. When anyone gets in a corner the others exclaim ‘Wapuka Sogese’—‘You are stuck fast,’ ‘You are shut up in a corner.’

Umbelini, a Zulu chief who was shot with Sirayo’s son, near Luneberg, in the recent war, was exceedingly clever at constructing these labyrinths, and was never tired of making figures on the floor of his hut, spending many hours a day at it.

This saying, ‘Wapuka Sogese,’ is proverbial. A story will best illustrate its use.

Some years ago a missionary was outspanned at a place called Enhliwaini, where (for Zululand) the water was exceptionally bad and scarce. In consequence of this every morning he had a kettle of tea cooked and bottled for use during the day. One day while there the chief, Usihayo, paid him a visit. Being thirsty the missionary said to one of his men, ‘Go and get the bottle!’ and when it arrived took a ‘long pull’ at it, Usihayo meanwhile devouring it with his eyes, and holding out both his hands for it, thinking that he was not going to leave a drop for him. It is needless to say that he thought it was grog, of which he, in common with most of his countrymen, is too fond. The missionary, of course, handed the bottle to him, and, in his eagerness, he gulped down a great mouthful of it before he discovered his mistake. A spluttering

and spitting took place, as in disgust he handed him back the bottle!—‘*Wapuka Sogexe!*’ someone exclaimed, followed by roars of laughter. The joke was doubly good in this case because Usihayo’s chief kraal near the Buffalo River, was named ‘*Kwa Sogexe.*’



SNUFF BOX.
COW'S HORN PIPE.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOOHEY'S BOATMEN—HUNTING THE SEA COW—HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING
ON THE INYALASI RIVER—DIFFICULTY OF KILLING A HIPPOPOT-
AMUS—COMMERCIAL VALUE OF A SEA COW.

THE gale went down during the night, and the next morning broke bright and clear. Soon after daybreak we again found ourselves at Toohey's camp. We started down to the boats. One was a long whale boat with four oars, and the other a roomy ship's dingy.

The crew were a curious mixture: One fellow wore a general officer's old blue tunic with brass buttons, his head crowned with a long red nightcap; a half-breed, wearing part of the uniform of a private of the 60th, a coloured handkerchief round his head, surmounted by an old low crowned felt hat, which once was black but had turned a greenish brown; another with a great broad brimmed hat decorated with large bunches of feathers; a repulsive looking Zulu, with a navvy's ragged and tattered jacket over his shoulders; one man must have been the missing link, his face was exactly like a monkey's, and his body was covered with a luxuriant crop of hair. The remainder of the Kaffirs were of various breeds, and in all kinds of costumes. They had been with Toohey

on many similar trips, and thoroughly understood their work.

The water was calm, and on the opposite shore I saw a nearly full grown sea cow emerge from the reeds and after making a survey, quietly walk into the water. Away we went towards where he had disappeared, the Kaffirs rowing with a will, but he had smelt danger and remained hidden, so we pulled along the shore to their favourite feeding place, but did not find any.

We then landed for the purpose of getting breakfast. The shore was of high sandstone cliffs, covered with lovely creepers and tropical plants, and dozens of bright-coloured kingfishers were flying about, or settling on the rocks jutting out into the water. This was their favourite nesting place, and numerous fish bones were to be seen in the crevices on the cliff. In front of the reeds a family of beautifully plumaged geese were swimming about, taking not the least notice of our intrusion. There was a break in the cliffs about 50 yards wide, covered with a crop of short sweet grass, and about 30 yards from the shore was the thick forest. Leading into this forest were three wide beaten tracks, made by the animals coming down to the water to drink. I had pointed out to me the 'spoor' of the hippopotamus, the black rhinoceros, the 'inyali,' or water buck, koodoo, quagga, and bush buck, showing that there was plenty of game.

After breakfast we pulled into the middle of the lake, and soon discovered a sea cow spouting and splashing in the water about a mile away. We were soon over the spot where we last saw him, when suddenly his great head came up, and he let off steam about 20 yards away, just between the two boats, and received a regular volley. One ball hit him just above the brain and went clean through his head, had it been an inch lower down he would have been killed outright. He came up time after time and received several more doses. The boats then withdrew a little further off as he reappeared, putting his whole shoulder out of the water and making it foam again, colouring its surface with his blood. Bang, bang, again went the rifles, but several bullets were very wide of the mark. Going a little nearer, Toohey took a steady aim, and pulling both triggers at once, nearly 3 ounces of lead were deposited in his brain, and down he went feet uppermost never to rise again alive. Now came the most tedious part of the hunt, waiting for him to come to the surface. We poked about with boat hooks, oars, and assegais, in the muddy bottom, to see if we could find him, but were unsuccessful. After waiting for nearly two hours we decided to leave one boat and go home with the other. As we were rowing away, Toohey observed a round black spot on the water about half a mile distant. "There he is," he shouted, and we pulled towards him. After some difficulty his head was got to the surface, and

having put a strong rope through a slit in his nostrils, we attached it to the stern of the smaller boat. He was a full grown bull, but fearfully peppered about the head, being hit in no less than fifteen places.

Sea cows after they have been shot dead usually rise in an hour or so, but this greatly depends upon the depth of the water, the way they go down, and the nature of the bottom whether sand or mud.

As we were rowing towards the shore we saw two more sea cows a short distance ahead. Casting off the small boat we gave chase, one rose about 60 yards away, and Toohey hit him behind the ear. We waited for half an hour, and as he did not rise we concluded he was dead, which proved to be the case, as his carcass was found by some niggers the next day.

After the small boat had towed the sea cow ashore, the niggers commenced to skin and cut it up. They did not wait to roast the flesh, but simply thrust it for a minute in the fire and then 'bolted' it. The entrails they swallowed without any cooking whatever. They simply gorged themselves, and I was not the least surprised the following day to see several of them rolling about in great agony. A nigger has been known to eat 15lbs. of weighed meat at one meal.

On one occasion Toohey shot a bull buffalo, weighing about 4 or 5cwt., and 15 niggers finished every bit of meat in 24 hours, only bringing away with them the horns and hide.

Another day we rowed to the mouth of the river Inyalasi, where we expected to find sea cows. The day was very hot, but tempered by a breeze from the sea. The entrance to the river was almost concealed by the dense bank of reeds, and so narrow that two boats could not pass together, but about a mile from the lake it widened considerably. At every stroke of our oars beautiful cranes, ibisci, and kingfishers flew across our path.

In one very narrow place Toohey held up his hand, and the nigger ceased rowing. He poked vigorously with his boat hook where a circle of bubbles rose to the surface. The boat hook struck a hippopotamus, and he dived into the reeds. We listened attentively for two or three minutes, when we heard him blowing not 3 yards distant, and I distinctly saw his head rise up. A bullet from Toohey's rifle struck him, when he crashed through the reeds and swam away up stream. Off we set in pursuit, the boat flying through the water. We next saw him rise out of water within six feet of us, opening his mouth wide and making straight for the boat, which he could have crunched into matchwood. It was an exciting moment, his enormous face, wicked little eyes, outstretched mouth with gleaming tusks, and his saucer-like nostrils close to the side of the boat. Quickly putting my rifle to my shoulder I hit him right above the nostrils. Adams and Toohey firing

at the same moment, their bullets penetrated his brain, when he sank down among the reeds to die.

The hippopotamus is very hard to kill, as his hide is 2 inches thick, and his brain very small. The place to hit him is anywhere in the region of his nostrils, as any damage done to his blowing apparatus will prevent him keeping below the water. He can then be followed without any difficulty and with good rowers and a little patience you can easily despatch him.

A full grown sea cow is worth from £20 to £30, and weighs from 12 to 15cwt. The ivory tusks are worth 5s. a pound, and are used largely for artificial teeth, and for making sextants and quadrants, the lower tusks being nearly half circular.

The oil is worth from 30s. to 40s. a gallon, and is sold to the Kaffirs in the colony to anoint themselves with, and some tribes use it as medicine. The smaller teeth are sold to them for 1s. each, to make little snuff boxes and other ornaments. The hide is cut into long strips for whip thongs used in driving bullock wagons. These thongs are worth about 10s. each. The thicker part of the hide is cut into long square strips, which are rounded off and tapered at the end, making a herdsman's whip called a 'shambuck,' which fetch from 3s. to 5s. each.

The camp was now very busy, huge fires were lighted to boil down the fat, long strips of green hide


were hung on the bushes and on the branches of the trees to dry, and the 'boys' were busy at work making whip lashes and 'shambucks.'



TOOHEY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXCURSION IN THE FOREST—WILD PIGS—KAFFIR LAZINESS—ZULU
SALT MINE—VISITORS AT THE KRAAL—DISH OF SEA COW—OUR
HORSE 'BABY' DIES—MUSICAL PARTY—ZULU MUSICAL INSTRU-
MENTS—MONOTONY OF THEIR MUSIC.

UR stay with Toohey was a very pleasant one, for when not able to get on the lake we made interesting excursions into the forest.

A description of one of these excursions will give a good idea of several that we made :

One lovely morning Double Johnny offered to pilot us through the forest to the larger lake. A narrow Kaffir path led through the bush, in the open spaces of which were patches of ground planted with mealies, sweet potatoes, and pumpkins, each with a hut in the centre raised on long poles, in which a Zulu was constantly stationed to keep off the numerous wild pigs and other animals, which cause the greatest devastation in the gardens. These pigs with their long sharp tusks root up whole rows of potatoes in less time than it takes to describe. The gardens were sometimes several miles away from the kraal, and although the ground close at home might be equally as good, if it required a little more labour to cultivate it the nigger would prefer a space of loose soil in the

bush two miles away from the kraal, even when exposed to the attacks of the wild pigs and necessitating constant watching, rather than expend a little more labour on the soil close to his kraal.

So lazy and indifferent are they that, although it was very cold, the supply of firewood in a kraal would be often exhausted in a day, rather than cut some more in the forest, a few hundred yards distant, they would shiver in their blankets all night. After once sleeping without a fire we took the precaution to lay in a stock of firewood for ourselves.

But to continue my description of the forest: The Kaffir path wound in and out through an orchard-like country covered with monkey orange-trees, the golden yellow fruit contrasting with the bare grey branches and the bleak thorn trees. At the foot of a steep hill were some magnificent sugar canes growing wild by the side of the reed beds, which were studded with the lovely white arum-lilies. In places the bush was so dense that we had to get off our horses and walk for almost a mile. It was nearly dark so close was the foliage overhead, and the leafy screen made it deliciously cool and shady. In all directions lay huge trunks of fallen trees, covered with masses of creeping plants, ferns, and grasses.

We frequently came across deep pits dug in the tracks used by the wild pigs. In one place our progress was arrested by a tall strong fence which

formed part of a great trap in the shape of an acute angle with a deep pit at the narrow end into which the unfortunate animals are driven. In another place we saw a trap for a tiger, most ingeniously constructed with a big heavy block of wood which fell upon the unfortunate animal that happened to tread on the spring.

Here and there the views were splendid, and where the sunlight penetrated the depths of the forest the effect was charming, the sunbeams chasing each other into the gloomiest recesses.

At last we descended a very steep hill and came down to the large lake, which had the appearance of an inland sea, the opposite shore being only faintly visible. Our path terminated at an abrupt red stone cliff, about 200ft. high, and at the foot of which was a mine where the Zulus obtained their supply of salt.

Traces of sea cow were very numerous, and the crocodiles blinked and winked their eyes at us a few yards from the shore. At the mouth of a stream which empties itself into the lake we caught some fine barbel, from 1lb. up to 3lbs. weight, with the rudest of hooks baited with sea cow meat. So voracious were the fish that when we threw them back into the water they came again and again at the bait.

Every morning we would have twenty or thirty visitors at our kraal, some from long distances. At last so many came that we were obliged to send them away without buying any of their goods, as our stock of

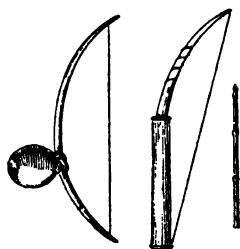
beads and knives was fast diminishing. A man having brought in some magnificent honey, which Adams, after tasting, said was all right, I—remembering the effect the last had on me—reluctantly took some, and deeply did I regret it, as some bees had left their stings in the comb, one of which stung me on the tongue, giving me great pain and causing my tongue to swell in an alarming manner.

Our diet here was varied by sea-cow meat, which was exceedingly good, being rather like boiled beef, but with a taste of pork in it. The best part of a sea-cow is the foot, which our hostess cooked to perfection, boiling it for a long time in a large iron pot. When cooked with sweet potatoes and gravy it made a royal dish. In taste it was not unlike cow heels, but much richer in flavour.

We had noticed that 'Baby,' Adam's horse, had not been well for some time, so we turned him into the veldt, and worked the two others. On returning from a shooting expedition one day the first thing we saw on entering the kraal was, poor Baby stretched out dead in front of our hut. This made us anxious about the safety of our other horses, as Baby had evidently eaten some of the poisonous grasses which are so fatal to horses in this country.

One evening we had a musical party, and a more extraordinary display of musical talent it has never been my lot to witness. My young lady friend, who made me the 'mouche,' was the chief performer, the

instrument upon which she played being made of a hollow reed, with a bow attached to it, on which was stretched tightly a piece of gut. The reed she held in her mouth, and scraped away with a smaller reed on the



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.


gut. This wonderful instrument had about two notes, and more resembled the faint creaking of a door than anything else. The song with which she accompanied the instrument was a most dolefully monotonous chorus, a humming chant about three words with very little variation indeed. This was kept up without the least interval, and became so painfully monotonous that we begged them to desist.

Another instrument that was used to accompany their songs was a large bow, with a calabash tied on the stick to act as a sounding board, one end of which was placed on the ground, the other being held in the hand, while the outstretched gut was beaten with a piece of reed. It was even a greater failure than the first, having only one note that I could distinguish.

The Zulus have no idea of variety in their music, and an old lady in the next hut was humming a ditty when I arrived, and when I left, three days later, she was still droning it out, and I don't think she ever left off except for refreshment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANECDOTES OF ZULU AFFECTION AND HONESTY—OUR 'BOYS' ARE
ILL WITH OVER-EATING—RULE WITH REGARD TO PRESENTS—
CLEANLINESS OF THE PEOPLE—METHOD OF LIGHTING FIRES—
PLAN OF DISCOVERING A THIEF.

FTER nearly a fortnight's stay with Toohey we engaged two boys as carriers, and resolved to continue our journey.

A small Zulu boy wanted to go with us down to Natal. He was a brave little fellow, not above ten years of age, and his mother was greatly distressed at parting with him, imploring us to treat him well. She was very busy packing his mat, putting some boiled mealies into a little basket for him, and looking after him as an English mother would when her boy goes to school for the first time. When the time came for us to start I could see the tears glistening in the mother's eyes, but the boy seemed somewhat indifferent.

Some travellers have painted the Zulu character as being all that is bad. One writer says that, "honour, humanity, and generosity are perfectly unknown and merely considered signs of weakness." To a certain extent this is the case, but it will be seen from another chapter, where I have attempted to describe

Zulu courtship, that love is very strong in many a Zulu breast.

As an illustration of their honesty the following is sufficient proof: A Zulu boy came down to Durban to get some work, and as he had no clothing on, not knowing the law against being unclothed in the streets, he was promptly seized by a policeman and taken before the magistrate, and in default of paying a fine of 2s. 6d. and costs was on the point of being committed to prison. A kind-hearted stranger, who had just landed, and to whom I am indebted for this anecdote, happened to be in the court. On being told what had occurred he generously offered to pay the fine, and to give the Zulu a pair of the white drawers without which he could not leave the court. After he had seen the Zulu set at liberty he thought no more about the matter. About four months after he was riding through streets of Pietermaritzburg, when a Zulu boy followed him to the hotel, and told him that he was the boy for whom he had paid the fine in Durban, and insisted upon him accepting the money back again.

When we came to collect our 'boys' together for an early start, they could not be found. We suspected they were at Toohey's camp looking after the sea cow meat, so we rode down there and soundly rated them. They said they were so ill they could not possibly start that day. We were not surprised at this, considering the amount of meat they had

managed to consume. Their sole complaint was stomach ache, which did not however prevent them having another gorge directly our backs were turned. A nigger must be very ill indeed if he cannot eat fresh sea cow meat.

The next morning we would take no excuse and whipped up our troublesome bearers. They seemed very loth to leave the precincts of the camp, and loaded themselves with as much meat as they could possibly carry.

On stopping at kraals on our return journey where we had previously made a present we were not obliged to make another. This was a rule laid down by King Panda, the friend of the English, who also made a law that not more than a knife should be given for a night's lodging.

The Zulus are very clean in their persons, and wash often, using a kind of red clay in place of soap. I frequently, when strolling in the neighbourhood of the kraals, saw seven or eight of them engaged in their ablutions at the nearest 'spruit.'

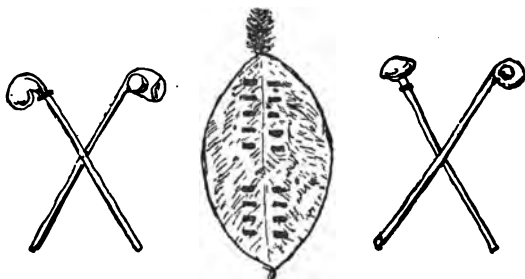
The way in which fire is produced is very clever. In nearly all the huts we visited, several fire sticks were hung up in the roof. They are about the thickness of a man's thumb and slightly charred, one being about a yard long and having the end pointed, the other shorter and thicker with several shallow holes into which the pointed stick fits. In using these sticks the Zulu squats on the ground and holds the smaller

one firmly grasping the bottom end with his toes; he then inserts the point of the longer stick in one of the holes and twirls it rapidly round with the palms of his hands. The exertion is so violent that the perspiration streams off him. Gradually fine wood dust is produced in the hole, then a slight smoke arises. Another Zulu beside him receives the smouldering wood dust in a little ball of shredded grass which, quick as lightning, he introduces into a larger ball of dried grass, and whirling both round his head rapidly, they burst into a flame. It is very difficult for one man to produce fire as the exertion is so great. Two generally sit opposite each other, and when the first has brought the palms of his hands down to the bottom of the rod, the man opposite to him is ready at once to twirl it, so that the friction is not lost for an instant.

Before reaching the Umveloosi we met a large party of Tongas going down to work in Natal. They were in charge of some half-castes and one white man, a labour agent. One of the niggers had stolen the agent's knife, and in order to find out who had done so, he hit upon the following expedient: He summoned all of them—about forty in number—before him, and said: "One of you has stolen my knife. I have some great 'mooti' here—'pointing to some rice'—and with it I shall be able to find out the thief. I will give you each a teaspoonful of dry rice and the man who cannot spit it out again wet he is

the thief." Then taking a spoon and a bowl of dry rice he went to the first nigger and popped a spoonful into his mouth, which he spat out moist. He had done this to about half of them but when he came to the culprit and gave him his dose, he was so influenced by fright that his salivary organs refused to act, and the rice came out again as dry as when it was put in. The thief confessed, and restored the knife, and the labour agent was looked upon with the greatest awe and reverence by the deluded niggers.

It is a physiological fact that under the influence of fear the nerves act on the salivary glands and stop the supply of saliva to the mouth, and it is in this way that many crimes committed by niggers are detected by the few white men who understand the trick, which, after all, is only a law of nature more strongly developed in the nigger than in any other race of mankind.



DRESS SHIELD AND KNOBKERRIES.

CHAPTER XIX.

KRAAL OF UMLANDELA—HIS WIVES—SAFEGUARDS AGAINST POISON
— MAGWENDA, CETEWAYO'S BROTHER — MASON'S STORE —
PORTUGUESE FEVER PATIENT — OUR BEDFELLOWS — MUNIOS
LEAVES US.

OUR return route was slightly different from that by which we had come. We visited the kraal of Umlandela, by far the largest I had yet seen. The cattle kraal was of immense size, filled with magnificent beasts, and a large number of huts round it, each with a little fence in front.

In a large open space we saw seven or eight of his wives all busy at work, his 'Incosygaas,' or chief wife, being a very tall fat woman, but with a good humoured, it might almost be said, benevolent face. All appeared merry, cheerful, and contented, and presented as bright a picture of Zulu home life as I saw anywhere during my journey. One was engaged in beating out rushes between two stones preparatory to making string, while another plaited them; a third was boiling lily seeds for food; a young woman, one of the latest additions to his harem, was fashioning an oil bottle out of a monkey orange; another was finishing a new petticoat, kneeling on the ground and rubbing

the skin over with grass charcoal and fat; all laughing, singing, and chattering. Two enormous cats purred and rubbed against their mistress, who seemed very fond of them, while three or four large dogs lay basking in the sun. The 'Incosygaas' received us with a queenly dignity, and told one of the inferior wives, who acted as her attendant, to fetch us some beer. When she brought it she knelt down in front of us, and blowing the skim off the top tasted the beer herself before handing it.

A Zulu invariably tastes the food and drink before offering it to you, as a pledge of good faith, and in order to show that it is not poisoned, as secret poisoning is one of the commonest crimes. It is not resorted to by the ordinary Zulus, but by the witch doctors, who thoroughly understand the preparation of the most subtle vegetable poisons, and do not scruple to exercise their knowledge for the attainment of their designs.

On approaching Mason's store we saw Magwenda, Cetewayo's brother, attended by several Indunas. He appeared as if trying to avoid us, but we galloped on and overtook him. When he saw that there was no chance of escape he motioned to his followers to halt, and pretending that he was merely resting in the ordinary course of his journey, squatted on the ground with his followers on each side of him. The reason of this wishing to avoid observation was very soon apparent, for by his side lay a splendid sporting rifle, which had

been captured at Isandula. His followers carried assegais and rifles, both contrary to the law, and he evidently expected that we would confiscate them. He was a thorough Zulu aristocrat, with a pleasant open countenance and a broad smile on his face. Round his neck was a necklace of blue glass beads, and across his chest a number of little pieces of burnt wood strung on sinew. These denoted the number of human beings he had slain in battle. Adams said the chief was not particular whether they were men, women, or children; whether they had been killed in the heat of battle, or murdered in the dead of night on some barbarous 'eating up' expedition. So long as they represented so many slaughtered human beings, it was not of the least consequence to him in how foul or cowardly a way the coveted tokens had been obtained.

That evening we rested at Mason's, where we met a half-caste Portuguese. His clothes were in a very ragged condition, and he had the most sallow complexion I ever saw. His face was of the colour of butter, and where there should have been a tinge of red in his cheeks there were two dirty brown patches. I could see at once that he was suffering from an attack of fever, as he was delirious at times, and looked very ill.

He told us a most pitiable tale, how he had lost his way coming from Delagoa Bay, was attacked by fever, and not understanding Zulu was nearly

starving. We did all we could to make him comfortable, but Adams said it was not of the slightest use as he would be dead in a few days.

The idea of sleeping next to a man who was dying with fever was rather repugnant to me, so I moved my bed into the small hut adjoining the store, where there were two of Mason's niggers and five of our own. None of these would sleep outside, on account of the hyenas. In addition to the niggers there were two calves, two sheep, three or four large dogs, a goat and kid. When I looked at the size of the hut, then at the niggers and miscellaneous live stock, not to mention the presence of numerous fleas and cockroaches, I almost thought the chance of catching the fever was the more preferable of the two extremes, but another look at poor "Snuff and Butter," as we called the Portuguese, decided me. I went into the hut and barricaded each side of my bed with the pack saddles. The hut was as full as it could hold. A calf was fidgetting about close to my head, the dogs were very quarrelsome and growled fiercely at each other, which made the kid bleat nearly all night long, and so enraged the old billy-goat that he turned on the dogs. What with the niggers swearing, dogs growling, goats bleating, and a stifling atmosphere, my lot was not an enviable one. It was so insufferably close in the middle of the night that I longed for a breath of fresh air, but it was difficult to get out as two great Zulu curs were stretched across the doorway. If

I attempted to go near them they growled in a most ominous manner, so I hit one with a stick, and instead of flying at me he attacked his canine companion, when a great fight ensued, and the whole hut being roused the dogs were turned out, and I managed to take my airing unmolested.

Next day Munios left us to return to his kraal. He had been with us more than a month, and was quite distressed at going. We gave him a cotton sheet, value 6s., and a knife, value 6d., for his services, and with this modest remuneration he was perfectly satisfied.

Three of Cetewayo's wives, extremely fat creatures, paid us a visit. They had about a dozen followers with them. The people all treated them with the greatest respect, and at every kraal where they stopped a beast was killed in their honour. One of them was so fat she could hardly get in at the doorway. They squatted down and asked for 'Pontac,' that is Cape wine. Mason said he had none. Then they asked for brown sugar, so filling a bucket with water, and emptying a quantity of sugar into it, he stirred it up and placed it before them. They drank every drop of it, and actually asked for more.

Mason was very anxious to get rid of his unwelcome visitors, for after they had finished the sugar and water they became most importunate and asked for everything there was in the store. At last he could stand it no longer and bundled the ladies unceremoniously out.

CHAPTER XX.

WE START FOR THE TUGELA—CEREMONY OF UKWOMULISA ON ARRIVING
AT MATURITY—COURTSHIP AND WEDDING RITES.

THE following day we left Mason's, taking one of 'Snuff and Butter's' men in place of Munios. As we were going to ride fast down to the Tugela, we made Mason a present of all our spare tea and sugar, for which he was most grateful.

At the next kraal, in John Dunn's territory, a wedding was taking place, but before giving a description of the marriage ceremony, as performed among the Zulus, I will mention a curious custom called 'Ukwomulisa,' which takes place when a girl arrives at the age of maturity: The girl is shut up in a hut and screened from observation by means of mats stretched across a part of it. The girl's father summons the young women to attend upon his daughter. She has to abstain from 'maas' or sour milk, is allowed to take very little food, and remains concealed for three or four days. At the expiration of that time the father invites all his friends and relations, beer is brewed, a beast or a goat killed, and a feast held. The young lady is then released to join in the festivities, and thus literally 'comes out.'

A Zulu marriage is a most elaborate and complicated affair, attended with extraordinary ceremonies, some of them of a questionable nature.

The 'Ukuxona,' or love making, having been accomplished, the next step for the bridegroom to do is to settle with the father of the girl regarding the number of cattle to be paid for her. The number varies from five to ten, even fifteen are given if the 'intombi,' or girl, is unusually fat and comely. When the cattle have been handed over in whole or in part, preparations are made for the wedding. The girl shaves all her head except a tuft at the top which she adorns with red clay and grease, and sticks a feather in it, which is an equivalent to our engagement ring. Her father gives her a blanket, beads, and other small presents. These preliminaries having been accomplished the day of the wedding is fixed by the bride, which she is supposed to keep a secret from the bridegroom, but, as one may well imagine, he is sure to find it out, and is never found unprepared.

The father now kills a goat with great ceremony, and offers it as a sacrifice to the ancestral spirit of the family, pouring the gall from its bowels over the girl. While doing this he prays to the spirit, asking that the girl may be happy and fruitful, for if she does not bear children he is bound by law to refund the cattle he received for her.

The time has now come for the bride to start out for her new home, but before doing so a quantity of beer

is made and a beast killed in order that she may not go hungry. The bridal party also carry a supply of food with them. As they approach the bridegroom's kraal they form a procession and commence singing. In their songs they extemporise all manner of things in disparagement of the bridegroom, his kraal, and all that belongs to him. This is called 'Ukugumutshela.' The bridegroom and his friends, who come out to meet the bride, repay them in their own coin with interest. Very often both parties exceed the bounds of good taste, and say such hard things of one another that a general fight ensues and knobkerries are freely used. After the 'Ukugumutshela' is over, they retire for the night, the 'Intombi' being accommodated with a hut along with her relations and friends.

Before daylight, next morning, the bride and her friends proceed to the river, or 'sluit,' where they remain until midday. The guests sit down by the river and eat the food they have brought with them; when that is finished a further supply is sent by the bridegroom. At noon a messenger is sent to call them from the river side, when the young men of the bride's party go to the kraal and report to the anxious swain that his bride is coming; the old women follow and also report the bride's approach; then come the bride's mother and her intimate friends; finally the bride herself arrives with her companions chanting a song.

The whole company now dance, and the bride selecting two girls from the bridegroom's kraal dances with them alone. When this dance is finished the bride kneels before her future husband and says, "Ngitole," that is "Adopt," "Receive me," at the same time addressing him by his patronymic. He, looking towards the company says, "Do you adopt us?" The bride now jumps up quickly and tries to run away, but the bridegroom's friends are all on the alert to prevent her, and if one of them but touch her she is deemed caught, and returns. If, however, she gets away altogether, as is sometimes the case, the bridegroom must pay a fine to her father or brother.

After this the dance is again resumed, by both parties. At the end of it the young warriors step out and 'keta,' that is, show off their powers of jumping about, as if killing an enemy, working themselves into a frenzy of excitement, all the company applauding vigorously. When the war dance is over, all except the bride return to their huts to eat and drink. She, however, sits down outside her hut, on a mat which she has brought with her. The mother of her husband, or some other elderly female of the family, approaches and daubs on her a piece of fat to anoint her body. She gets up, and again pretends to run away, and pretending to dislike the smell of the fat, she rubs it off against the gate of the kraal. She now returns and receives a piece of fat from the bridegroom, and a

little child being brought to her she anoints it, and kissing the fat gives it to her husband, who also kisses it. She then lies down, and, while the bridegroom is not looking, attempts to run away for the third time. While she has been lying on the ground a beast has been killed, the gall of which is sprinkled over her. This beast is killed with much ceremony by one of the men belonging to the bridegroom's family. If he kills it with the first stab of the assegai he has done well, but if not, it is forfeited to the bride's father. When the beast is dead, the friends of the bride approach and put a string of beads upon it, reaching from the head to the tail. This is said to 'close the wound,' but why, or how, it is difficult to see. Indeed, for many of these strange customs the Zulus could give me no explanation whatever. The meat of the beast is now cooked and eaten, after which, the bridesmaids are obliged to 'goma,' that is, say which of the bride's male relations they like best.

On the morning of the third day the bride accompanied by her maids goes to the river to wash. A little girl is sent to call them, when they return to the kraal and ask for the 'umkeke,' or goat given by the bridegroom. The ceremony is now at an end, winding up with a general beer drinking and more eating of meat, then the bride's relations and friends take leave, and return to their respective kraals.

On the fourth day the bride gives away all her beads to the young women at her husband's kraal, and if she

be rich she will make them a present of a goat in addition.

When a chief has several wives he calls his favourite one his 'Incosygaas,' or chief wife, and her son succeeds him and is heir to the greater portion of the property. If he has many wives there may be several favourites, the two next in favour to the 'Incosygaas' being called his right and left hand wives, the children of these latter are entitled to a small share of the property.

Marriage between first cousins, it may be added, is strictly forbidden.

Courtship, as may well be supposed, is the main object in a Zulu's life, and in conversation among themselves they have rarely more than two topics about which they talk, namely, girls and cattle. It is strange indeed, if conversation upon any other subject, however remote, does not eventually lead to these. Looking forward, as they do, to having five, ten, twenty, or even more wives, and going upon the rule of "making hay while the sun shines," it is seldom that a young Zulu meets a girl without "improving the occasion," and the result is that some favourites have as many as ten or a dozen sweethearts. The young women are quite as bad, if not worse than the men in this respect, as they do not by any means restrict themselves to one lover. I need not say the result of this is, that the Zulu women, with few exceptions, are thoroughly

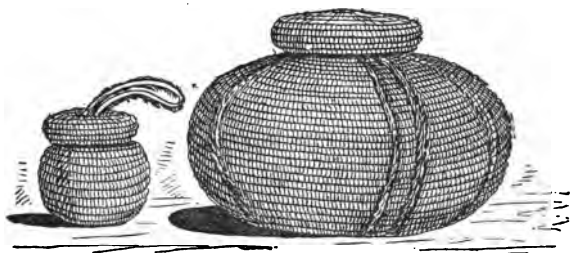
degraded and debased in all that constitutes the glory of woman, her affections.

Many girls are so degraded that they do not care whom they marry. There are others, however, of a different stamp, who are ready to sacrifice everything, even life itself, rather than not marry the man of their choice. As an illustration of this, the following story—which is perfectly true—will serve to show that true love is not altogether foreign to the Zulu character :

In a kraal in the Thorn Country, between the Black and White Umveloosi, there lived a young Zulu who loved an 'intombi' in a neighbouring kraal. He went down to Natal, and was away for twelve months, working hard on the railway, in order that he might gain money to buy the girl he loved. He returned to his kraal, and purchased cattle wherewith to gain the object of his affections. When he thought the prize was within his grasp, Cetewayo's mandate was issued that all the marriageable girls in the country should be killed. On the news of this order reaching the kraals in the neighbourhood, the utmost consternation prevailed, and an 'impi' was hourly expected to execute this barbarous command. Many unfortunate girls fled into the woods, where they died of starvation, or were killed by hyenas and lions. The two lovers preferred death to flight, and going together into a hut, each armed with a rifle, after an affectionate farewell they shot each other.

A Zulu girl, who loves her sweetheart, is indeed lucky if he is able to pay the requisite number of cattle for her. If he is not, some one else is found who can pay for her, and she is driven like a sheep to the slaughter, and forced into the man's hut. Such cases as these are of frequent occurrence, and when the girl does not consent the marriage ceremony is dispensed with.

Love-making does not always originate with the male sex, for the young belles save them the trouble, and girls, prompted by their fathers and brothers, frequently run away and offer themselves in marriage to great chiefs. Often these chiefs do not even see them. When a girl arrives, the chief sends a servant to see if she is pretty, and if the report be unfavourable she is politely told to go, but if favourable, he will have a look at her himself, and, if he approves, will marry her.




TOBACCO BASKET,

MEALIE BASKET.

CHAPTER XXI.

ZULU FUNERAL—BURNING PLAIN—THUNDERSTORM—WE ARRIVE AT
CHIEF DUNN'S—DINNER WITH NATAL COLONISTS—BATTLE FIELD
OF GINGELHOVO—ZULU MUTILATION OF THE DEAD—ACROSS THE
TUGELA INTO NATAL—BACK IN DURBAN—AGAIN ON BOARD.

T a kraal, near Ingoya, one of the chief's sons, a married man, died. His body was taken into a clean hut, and the whole of the inhabitants of the kraal commenced the 'isibilo,' or death wail, a most mournful and dispiriting sort of dirge. From the time of death until burial this monotonous chant is kept up without intermission. When a Zulu has died from consumption it is dispensed with; also in the case of a very old woman, because she is deemed a spirit already, and has not died but only gone home to spirit land.

A grave was dug inside the cattle kraal, not straight down, as we dig ours, but in a slanting direction. The body was now taken out of the hut, the knees placed close to the head in a sitting posture, and a blanket tied tightly round. The ring was cut off the head, and placed between the knees. While the dead body was in the sitting position outside the hut, a wrinkled old woman sat down beside it, asking it all

sorts of questions, and begging of it, when in its new home to look kindly upon the children. The young men of the kraal now took the body up and placed it in the grave, leaving the head sticking out in the most comical manner. A sleeping mat and calabash of water were placed beside the dead body. Finally stones were built over the grave, and clay and earth rammed tightly in, a large flat stone being placed on the top. The women stood round, and the head man, who was superintending the funeral, took a handful of earth from the grave, and gave to each woman a small pinch of it, with which she touched her breast and then returned to him.

When the funeral was over, two men went into the dead man's hut and cleaned it out, sprinkling it with water.

After leaving this kraal the road was very hilly, with bushes here and there, and boulders strewn in all directions.

As we approached the Umslatoos, we came in sight of an immense grass fire. For miles, before we reached it, we could feel the smoke in our faces, and see the dark clouds overhanging the burning plain. The sight was most magnificent, as quite three miles of the tall, rank, dry grass was on fire directly in our path. The wind was blowing hard, and where the grass was very dense the flames rose high in the air. We looked about for a weak spot in the circle of flame

to spur our horses through, but could see none. We rode up as close as possible to the fire, but our steeds were very unwilling to approach it. Twice we retreated, blinded by the smoke. Locusts, in their flight from the flames, kept hitting us on the face in a very unpleasant manner. Numerous birds of prey circled round at a respectful distance, every now and then pouncing upon the snakes, locusts, and small animals that were driven from their retreats by the devouring element. At length the wind changed, and finding a weak point in the belt of flames, we dug the spurs into our horses, and gallantly facing it they carried us safely over the fiery circle. The ground on the further side was black and hot, and the horses, maddened with the pain caused by the smouldering ashes, galloped wildly away until we were clear of the scorching ground. We were not yet out of our difficulties however, for the reeds along the banks of the Umslatoos, which lay between us and the ford, were blazing and crackling merrily, but by carefully guiding our horses down the steep bank, and keeping along the centre of the stream which was very shallow, we managed to gain the ford. We felt so exhausted with our adventure, that on reaching the road we hobbled our horses, and lay down for a long siesta.

The day was stiflingly hot, and towards the afternoon we saw black thunderclouds overhanging Ingoya. A regular tropical thunderstorm burst over us, but we

managed to reach Chief Dunn's in time to escape the worst of it. Dunn had gone away north but one of his niggers, who had been left in charge, attended upon us and our horses.

Before starting next morning I left a note on the table, thanking Chief Dunn for his involuntary hospitality.

The rain had made the mountain paths slippery and wet, and we had to walk the whole of the 10 miles to the Umlalass, which was muddy and swollen. We found Chief Dunn's wagons outspanned not far from the 'drift,' and he insisted upon us breakfasting with him. The breakfast consisted of partridges, coffee, preserved meats, and excellent brown bread and butter. After breakfast we were again in the saddle, and pushing on towards Durban. About mid-day, on nearing Gingelhovo, we came upon a party of Natal colonists on a shooting expedition. They had enjoyed excellent sport. Several bucks, paaus, &c., were hanging round the wagon, the skins being pegged out to dry by the side of the road. We joined the colonists at dinner, which consisted of venison, soup, roast paaus, tea, and coffee.

After luncheon I visited the battlefield of Gingelhovo, which lay close to the road. It is called Gingelhovo, or, 'the place where the elephant was killed,' because many years ago a Zulu chief shot an elephant on a small green hill which stands in the centre of the rolling plain. The grass was very long

and rank ; but the shelter-trench that was thrown up by our troops, also the site of entrenched camp where the soldiers bivouacked on the night of the battle, were plainly visible. The graveyard was half way down the side of the hill, about half a mile from the scene of the fight. It was surrounded by a turf wall, and contained three or four graves, with neat crosses at the head of each. Near one corner of the shelter-trench I picked up a Zulu skull, inside which a field mouse had made its nest.

The battle of Gingelhovo was fought on the 2nd of April 1879, by the column under Lord Chelmsford, which was marching to the relief of Colonel Pearson at Echowie. Our men, who were behind the trenches and on the tops of wagons, were attacked about 6 o'clock in the morning by a large army of Zulus. Although the enemy showed undaunted bravery they were mown down by our rifles, and nearly 1,000 bodies were found within half a mile of the entrenchments. The action only lasted an hour and a half, and at 7.30 the enemy were in full retreat. Echowie was relieved two days after.

Chief Dunn greatly distinguished himself on this occasion, killing ten or twelve Zulus with his own rifle.

From accounts of eye-witnesses of the fight, many of our men, who were only six weeks out from England, were exceedingly unsteady, a portion of

one company of a certain regiment having to be replaced by men of the Naval Brigade.

This unsteadiness, which was remarked on many other occasions during the war, can only be accounted for by the evils of the short service system prevailing in our army, which permitted imperfectly trained and undisciplined young men to be sent into action without a leaven of old soldiers to inspire them with confidence and courage.

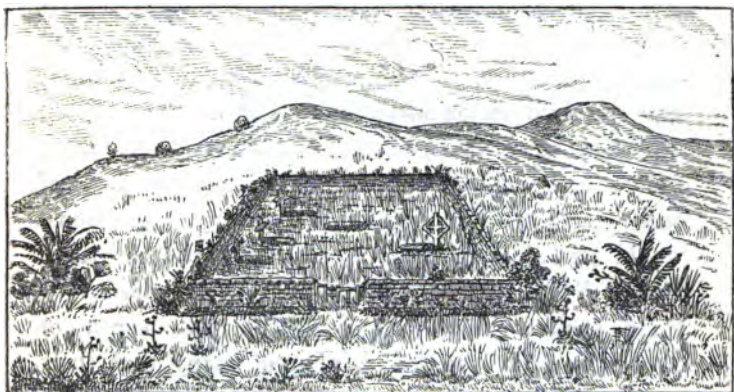
Every English soldier, that was found dead during the war, was stabbed many times in the bowels. People in England thought this was a mark of the cruelty and ferocity of the Zulus, but it was not so. They have a superstition that, if they do not stab a fallen enemy their bowels will swell up when those of the slain man do so. Thus they stab the abdomen in order to let out the gas, and not with any intention of mutilation.

We took leave of our hospitable friends, and made our way to the Tugela 'drift,' which we crossed at nightfall, after a ride of over 50 miles, and put up at the Tugela Hotel on the Natal side of the river.

In the morning we rode quickly down to Durban, and having sold my horses, guns, and outfit, and bid Adams a hearty good-bye, I found myself next day on board the S.S. African bound for England.

Thus ended my trip into Zululand. During the time I was in the country I stayed at forty different

kraals, and slept in a kraal almost every night. I thus had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Zulu people, and of observing their domestic life, manners, and customs.



GRAVE YARD, GINGELHOVO

CHAPTER XXII.

EARLY KINGS OF ZULULAND—KING TSCHARA.

THE origin of the Zulu nation is lost in obscurity. They have a curious tradition respecting it. They say that once upon a time a huge basket of mealies came rolling down the side of the Drakensberg Mountains, and as it rolled down the lid came off, scattering all the mealies, which became Zulus, and thus the Zulu nation sprang into existence.

The word Zulu means 'celestial,' or sent from heaven, and was originally a patronymic, the name of one man, who, reckoning as they do by generations, would probably be contemporaneous with our King Henry VIII. Many of their words are similar to those spoken by the tribes that live south of Abyssinia, and it is the opinion of many that their ancestors originally came from that country. The word Abysnia, spelt in this way, is a Zulu word in use at the present day. Similarly, the name Kaffir is an Arabic word signifying an unbeliever.

Some of their customs and religious superstitions point to this theory; for example, their tradition about the creation of the first woman is almost

identical with our version in the Bible. Then again they distinguish between clean and unclean animals.

In their funeral ceremonies, also, they practise the custom of wailing for the dead, and the rites of purification, and until the reign of Tschaka every male-Zulu was circumcised. Circumcision was, however, abolished by him, and is not practised at the present time.

All these facts tend to support the theory that generations ago they were very intimate with the descendants of Abraham, and some of the customs practised by modern Jews are still in existence among the Zulus.

It is thought that a succession of wars, and the increase of population in the northern regions of Africa, drove the Kaffir races, to which the Zulus belong, farther and farther south. In the middle of the seventeenth century the two races, the black and the white, met in the extreme south of Africa; the white settlers coming from beyond the seas, the Kaffirs from the interior of the 'dark continent.'

The Zulus, at this time a small and insignificant tribe, did not extend farther south than the neighbourhood of what is now Delagoa Bay. Here they gained a scanty livelihood, carrying on a trade as tobacco sellers and pedlars. The tribe at this period of their history went by the name of the Abanguni, but they were all descended from their one ancestor 'Zulu.' They were split up into nine great families, and

these were the founders of the present generation of Zulus. The traditions and pedigrees of their ancestors are still remembered, and in many instances they can recount them for eleven generations back, but as a rule not for more than seven or eight. A Zulu at the present day, who belongs to one of these great families—the descendants of Zulu, is always addressed as 'Zulu' before naming his special patronymic.

The earliest Zulu King of the Abanguni tribe, whom they can remember, was Umalandela; and one of the present chiefs in Zululand, a cousin of Cetewayo's, is named after him. The following are the names of the kings who followed him:—Umdhlana, Zulu, Untombela, Ukoosinkulu, Mamba*, Umageba, Upinga, Undaba, Ufana, and Essenzingerona.

This last king came to the throne about the year 1780. He had an illegitimate son, whose name was Tschaka, or 'the bastard.' This child, who was destined to be the 'Napoleon' of South Africa, and whose proud boast was that he had never been defeated, had an eventful history. His father married other wives and had children by them. As Tschaka grew up, when quite a stripling, the king, who had other children, tried to put him to death. He fled however to Dingiswayo, a king of a neighbouring tribe, and by his courage, industry, and perseverance, raised himself to the post of chief Induna to his new protector. His

*Mamba means a snake. There are two species of snakes in Zululand called mambas,—one kind black and the other green. They are from 8ft. to 10ft. long, and very poisonous.

father made overtures to him to return, but he declined again to trust himself to his parent's tender mercies. Essenzingerona died, and one of his other sons succeeded him. Tschaka now conspired against his brother, and, leading an army against him, killed him ; at the same time massacring all his other brothers and nearly every man, woman, and child, belonging to the late king's party. Tschaka then led his army against Dingiswayo, who had shown him so much kindness, killed him, and annihilated the tribe.

The new king was now assailed by another powerful tribe called Umwandwe, under Uzwid, who was jealous of Tschaka's power. After a long war, in which some most obstinate and bloody battles were fought, Tschaka was victorious, and utterly destroyed the Umwandwe tribe, seizing their territory and cattle.

Tschaka next carried fire and sword in every direction, sparing neither man, woman, nor child. He subdued in rapid succession all the adjacent tribes, including the Swazies, and became undisputed monarch of the territory from Delagoa Bay in the north, to the Umsimvubu, or the St. John's River—the southern boundary of Pondoland, and from the sea to the Drakensberg.

One of his Indunas, named Moselkatsze, conspired against him, and being outlawed, crossed with his tribe into what is now the Transvaal, where he established a military system similar to Tschaka's, and

subdued all the tribes as far as the Kalahari desert, carrying destruction and desolation wherever he went.

About the year 1820, Mr. H. Fynn and five white men were wrecked in St. Lucia Bay, and were the first whites the Zulus had seen. Tschaka took them under his protection and treated them well. He sent messengers to the frontier of Cape Colony to say that there were some Englishmen with him, and a ship was sent round to the spot where Durban now stands, on which Mr. Fynn embarked and proceeded to Cape Town. He returned again in a year or two afterwards, probably about the year 1824, with Lieutenants Farewell and King and several other white men, and Tschaka permitted them to establish a trading station there.

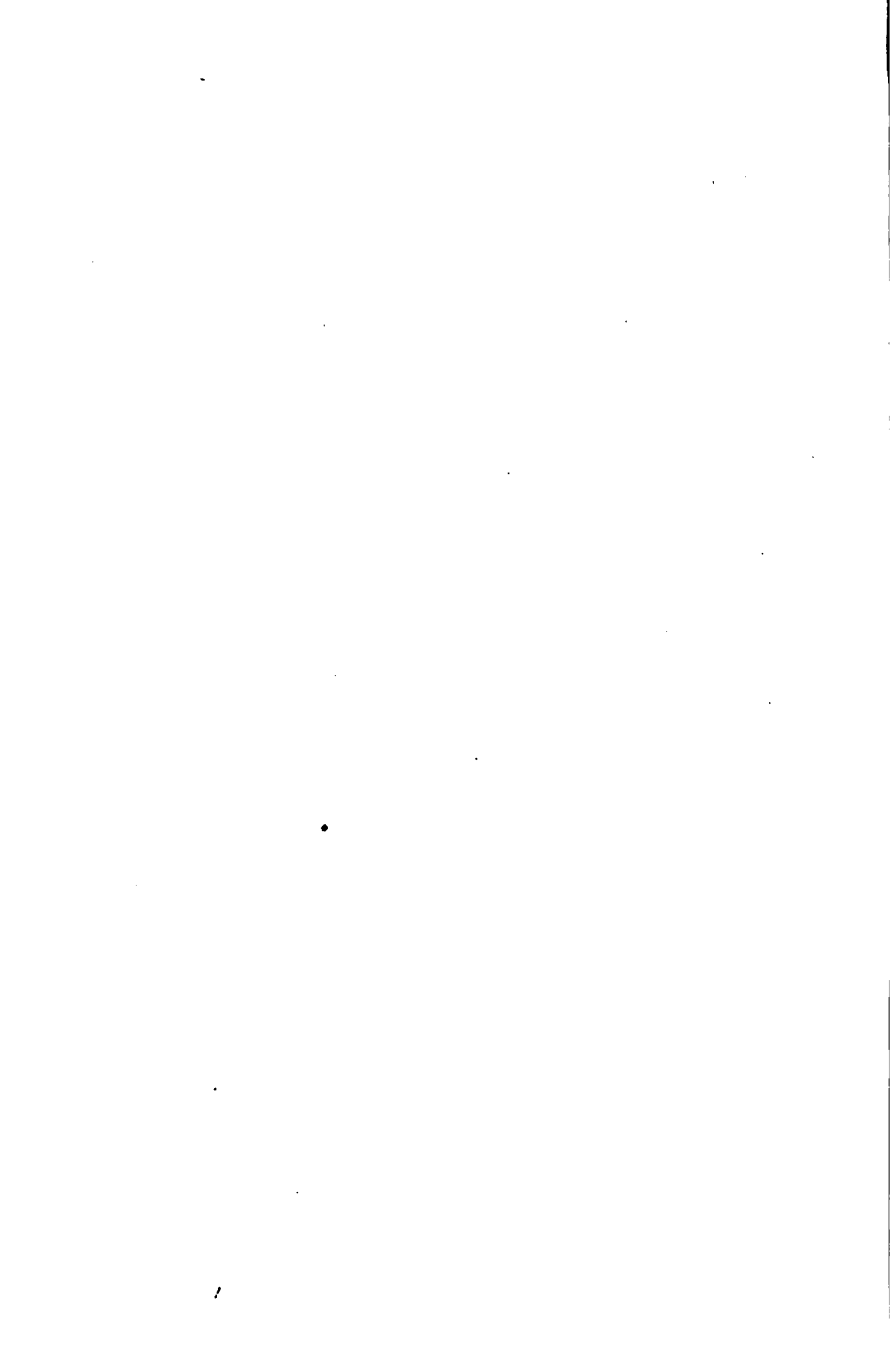
At this time Natal was uninhabited, as Tschaka had laid the whole country waste and completely depopulated it. The remnants of the conquered tribes he took with him into slavery across the Tugela.

In the year 1828, Mr. Fynn and his party paid a visit to Tschaka at his capital. They were received with great pomp and ceremony, and a grand review of 10,000 warriors was held in their honour. He granted to Mr. Fynn and several of his companions large tracts of country, but at the same time he retained his sovereign rights.

Mr. Fynn first introduced blankets into Zululand. Formerly the Zulus covered themselves with skins, dressed in various ways. Some of their costumes



DUBULUMANZI.



however, were made of bark woven into a coarse material.

Towards the end of 1828, Tschaka crossed through Natal and invaded Pondo Land, defeating all the tribes that came in his path. The renown and fear of this despot had now spread far and wide, and English soldiers were hurried up from the frontiers of Cape Colony to the borders of Pondo Land, where they met an unfortunate tribe who were flying before Tschaka's army. These they mistook for the Zulus, and defeated and destroyed most of them before finding out their error. Mr. Fynn advised Tschaka not to go beyond Pondo Land, or he would come in contact with the English, who would defeat him. He acted on this counsel, and on his return from Pondo Land he sent expeditions against the Swazies and other northern tribes, in every instance being victorious.

While the army was away, Tschaka's brothers conspired against him, and when he was in the act of receiving some Pondo ambassadors at his kraal—Tuguza, near the Umvoti, close to where the town of Stanger now stands, they surrounded and slew him and his prime minister. A few days afterwards, Dingaan and Umlangain,—the chief leaders in this conspiracy, quarrelled, and Dingaan killed Umlangain with his own hand.

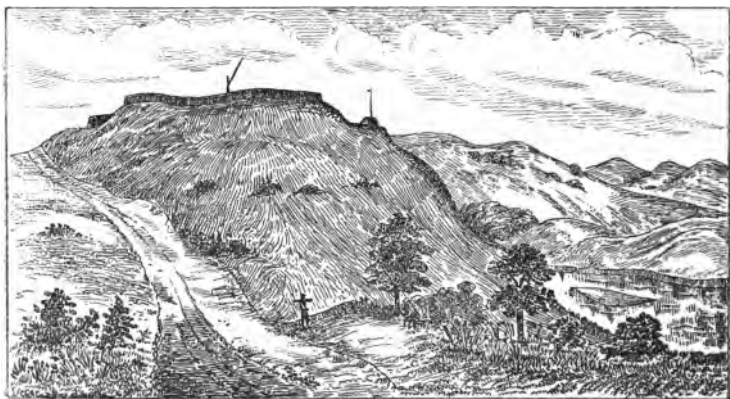
Tschaka died without leaving any children, all of them having been murdered by his orders soon after they were born.

The army, as it existed during this reign, consisted of three divisions—married men, young men, and carriers, to the number of 50,000. He abolished all the tributary kings, and made each tribe send up a certain number of men, which he drafted into various regiments, according to age and not by tribes. The women, also, were formed into regiments, and the men of certain regiments were ordered to marry the women of other regiments, but not until late in life.

His success was mainly attributable to his system of drill. Hitherto it had been the custom of the warriors, while fighting, to disperse themselves, and like other Kaffir tribes, to throw their assegais from a distance at their enemies. He, however, made them carry a short, stabbing assegai, not unlike the short spear of the Roman soldier; and by teaching his men to keep together and fight at close quarters, he was enabled to overcome tribes who adhered to the old formation. Every soldier, who left his weapon behind on the battlefield, was punished with death; and for the most trivial offences capital punishment was inflicted.

A more bloodthirsty, cruel monster, than Tschaka, it would be impossible to picture; yet he was respected and even loved by the Zulus, and his name is held in the greatest veneration by them at the present day.

He always admired the English, and when dying he prophesied that they would over-run and conquer his country, which prophecy has been literally fulfilled.



FORT PEARSON AND THE TUGELA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REIGN OF KING DINGAAN.

WHEN King Dingaan came to the throne the first step he took was to assassinate all his brothers, except Panda, together with their chief men and women.

He then sent an army into Natal, and destroyed the small settlement in the Bay of Natal, the few white inhabitants barely escaping with their lives ; but they returned again a few years afterwards, and in 1835 Captain Allen Gardiner was received by King Dingaan, who consented to allow missionaries in his territory. Hitherto the Zulus had met very few white men, but soon after this the Boers appeared on the scene.

In 1835, the Dutch Boers, to the number of some thousands, becoming dissatisfied with the Cape Government, crossed the Orange River, and founded what is now the Orange Free State. Some crossed the River Vaal, and went far into the interior, but few of these survived the attacks of savage tribes and the unhealthiness of the climate. Another body of them, with nearly 1,000 wagons, under Pieter Retief and Gert Maritzburg, crossed the Drakensberg, and entered

Natal which was then uninhabited. Pietermaritzburg, the present capital of Natal, is called after these two men. Wishing to keep on good terms with King Dingaan, they sent messengers to him, asking him to give them a tract of territory to settle in. He received the ambassadors graciously, and told them, that if the Boers would recover some cattle of his which a rival chief had stolen, they should have the territory they requested. The Boers made an expedition against this chief, and restored the cattle to King Dingaan. On the 2nd of February Pieter Retief with nearly 100 followers arrived at Dingaan's kraal—Umkunginklovo, to get an agreement from him for the cession of the territory they required. Mr. Owen, a missionary who was living with King Dingaan, drew up the treaty, which was duly signed and witnessed. The king amused his visitors with war dances and reviews, and killed cattle in their honour. On the 6th of February, when they came to take leave of him, and their horses and servants were outside, he suddenly called on his warriors to seize the wizards. Each unfortunate Boer was immediately attacked by ten or a dozen warriors, and carried away to a hill close to the kraal, where he was beaten to death with knobkerries. Mr. Owen, although in the kraal, was not in attendance on the king, and he and his family together with a servant of one of the Boers were the only white people who escaped. After the massacre the king sent for him, and told him he would spare his life, but he must depart at

once. He did so, and reached Natal after innumerable difficulties and dangers.

Dingaan now sent his army to 'eat up' all the unfortunate Dutchmen in Natal, and, attacking them in an unprepared and defenceless state, massacred them indiscriminately.

On the site of the present town of Weenen—'weeping,'—another most bloody massacre took place, and the name of the town commemorates it.

In every instance where the Boers were prepared, and adopted the principle of getting their wagons into laager, they defeated the Zulus.

On the return of Mr. Owen to Durban the white men organized an expedition, and, with a number of friendly Zulus, marched against King Dingaan, crossed the Tugela, burnt several kraals, and captured a large quantity of cattle. Elated with their success, another expedition was sent shortly afterwards, but, falling in with Dingaan's army under the command of his brother Panda, was nearly annihilated. Dingaan following up his victory, sacked and burnt Durban; the few white inhabitants, who had taken refuge on an uninhabited island in the bay, being rescued by a vessel called the Comet, which had put into the harbour for fresh water. Dingaan overran the country and carried off nearly all the cattle belonging to the settlers. The Boers, vowing vengeance for the cowardly massacre of their brave leaders, obtained assistance from their brethren in the Orange Free

State, and in April, with a force of 400 mounted men, crossed the Blood River, invaded Zululand, and burnt several kraals. Dingaan sent a spy, who told them that the Zulus had deserted their king, and that he would show them where the cattle were to be found. The Boers fell into the trap, and within a few miles of Umkungingklovo were led into an ambuscade and totally defeated, their brave leader and many of their best men being slain.

In August, King Dingaan sent an army against the Boers, and several battles were fought, in which the Dutchmen were victorious. Encouraged by their success, and being further reinforced by some Free State Boers under Pretorius, they again invaded Zululand, and built a strong entrenched laager near the Umslatoos. On the 16th of December they were attacked by the whole of Dingaan's army. At one time the situation of the Boers was very critical, but owing to a brilliant cavalry charge led by Pretorius, the day was carried, and Dingaan's army defeated with great slaughter. Over 5,000 head of cattle were captured, and a large number of kraals burnt. Peace followed, Dingaan undertaking to let the Boers have undisturbed possession of Natal.

Panda, after his victory over the white men at the Lower Tugela, acquired considerable power, so much so, that King Dingaan tried to put him to death. Panda, hearing of it, escaped to Natal with his followers and cattle, and settled near the Tongat

River. This is the first occasion on which we hear of Cetewayo, a son of King Panda, who was at that time a boy, and accompanied his father.

Natal was now pretty thickly populated with the thousands of Zulus who had fled from the cruelties of King Tschaka and King Dingaan, so that in January, 1840, the Boers, with these auxiliaries, had no difficulty in raising a large force to invade Zululand and overthrow the tyrant.

Panda was in command of the Zulus, and Pretorius of the Boers. The forces under Panda met those of King Dingaan at Magongo on the Umkusi River. A most obstinate and bloody battle was fought, in which whole regiments were utterly destroyed, and it would have ended in a victory for King Dingaan had it not been for the desertion of several regiments to Panda. Dingaan's army was utterly routed, and his kraal—Umkungingklovo—taken and burnt. He fled into the Lebombo Mountains and took refuge with a Swazi chief, who received him with every mark of kindness, but murdered him in the night.

This campaign was known as the 'Volks Raid,' and the battle of Magongo was the 'Waterloo' of Natal and Cape Colony, as it completely broke the power of the Zulus for a time.



CETEWAYO'S BEMBAS STICK.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KING PANDA REIGNED FROM 1840 TO 1873.

THE Boers under Pretorius, followed up the victory at Magongo, and on February 14th, 1840, crowned Panda as King of Zululand. Before doing so they made him sign a treaty, giving up to them the whole of the present country of Natal and some thousands of cattle.

Panda was fat and sensual, and, although he kept up the military system inaugurated by Tschaka, he was averse to fighting.

The history of Zululand is so interwoven with that of Natal that it is impossible to treat them separately, so that it will be necessary frequently to glance at the Dutch doings in the Colony.

In 1838 a small detachment of soldiers was sent from the Cape and took possession of Durban, but early in 1840 evacuated it, leaving the Dutch in undisputed possession of the country. The Boers now quarrelled among themselves, and oppressed the smaller native tribes, carrying off their cattle and making slaves of many of their children. Among these were several who lived south of Natal and claimed protection from the British Government. The Governor of the Cape at once sent troops to the

Umgasi River in British Kaffraria, and, the Boers refusing to listen to any arguments, 250 men under Captain Smith marched through Pondo Land and took possession of Durban.

The Dutch attacked the small force at Durban, who were reduced to great straits, but were saved by the daring of a man named Richard King, who, escaping by night, rode through British Kaffraria to Cape Colony, whence reinforcements were sent by sea.

The garrison at Durban were thus enabled to resume the offensive, defeated the Boers, and took Maritzburg. Entire submission followed, but many of the Boers, being dissatisfied, went into the Transvaal, where, by permission of King Panda, they settled on the Blood River, near the frontier of Zululand.

The Boers mustered on the Drakensberg, on the borders of the Orange Free State, and endeavoured to persuade King Panda to join them against the English in order to retake Natal, but he refused. Sir Harry Smith, the commander of the English forces, marched against the Boers and signally defeated them at the battle of Boom Plats, July 22nd, 1848, and proclaimed the Orange Free State British Territory. A large number of the Boers then emigrated to the Transvaal, and founded the Transvaal Republic. And others settled in the Utrecht and Luneberg districts, by permission of King Panda. They, however, encroached on his territory, and kept the border land in a state of disquiet.

In 1854, the Orange Free State was handed back to the Boers, and has remained an independent State to the present day.

King Panda now had a war with the Swazies. There had been a civil war in Swazieland, and those who were defeated fled into Zululand, followed by the victorious army. Panda protected the refugees, and defeated the King of the Swazies. Following up his victory he overran Swazieland, and carried off a quantity of cattle.

Cetewayo had command of a regiment in this war and greatly distinguished himself.

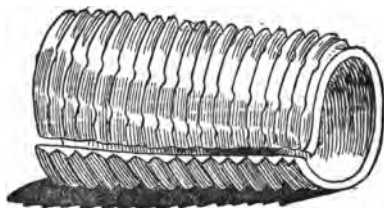
Soon after the Swazie war Langebalele conspired against King Panda, but the plot being detected, and his death determined upon, he fled with his tribe to Natal. In 1873, he became turbulent and disobedient, and, after an engagement, was defeated, and is now in prison at the Cape.

Peace was preserved only for a short time. Panda was very fond of dancing, and the tribes of his two sons, Cetewayo and Umbulazi, being called to his capital for a war dance, a quarrel arose between the two chiefs over the superiority of the dancing of their respective tribes. When they returned to their kraals they made raids into each other's country. Panda in vain endeavoured to settle the dispute, and after several battles, in which neither side gained a decisive victory, Cetewayo collected a large army, marched against Umbulazi, and came into collision with him between the Amatakulu and the Tugela.

The action commenced at daybreak, Cetewayo's forces overpowered those of Umbulazi, totally defeated them and annihilated nearly every man, thousands being drowned in the Tugela. John Dunn and a few followers, who had been hunting in the country of Umbulazi, rendered valuable assistance to that chief in this battle, but he and his party barely escaped with their lives, and had it not been for the assistance of the Natal police they would have shared the fate of Umbulazi and his people, all of whom were killed and their kraals burnt.

Cetewayo next turned his attention to another brother called Umtonga, and destroyed all his tribe, massacring the men, women, and children in more than thirty kraals.

Having cleared the path to the throne, the only obstacle to his ambition now was his old and feeble father, King Panda, who died in 1873.



BRASS ARMLET WORN BY CETEWAYO'S CHIEF INDUNA.

CHAPTER XXV.

KING CETEWAYO REIGNED FROM 1873 TO 1879.

CETEWAYO having thus waded to the throne through bloodshed and crime, his next step was to throw dust in the eyes of the English Government, by asking them to recognise him as King of Zululand. Sir Theophilus Shepstone consulted the Government, and they thought it a good opportunity to extract from Cetewayo some promises for the better treatment of his unfortunate subjects, and for the reduction of his large army, which was a standing menace to the safety of the adjoining colonies, for he had been virtually ruler several years. In return for this they would recognise him as king, and send Sir T. Shepstone as the Queen's representative at his coronation. The promises were given on the part of the king, and Sir T. Shepstone went to Ulundi with an escort of mounted police and volunteers. The ceremony of coronation was performed with great pomp and solemnity.

Sir T. Shepstone tried to please and conciliate Cetewayo in every way, which that monarch understood to be a sign of weakness, and from that day his manner towards the English Government changed,

The promises Cetewayo made were: To reduce his army; allow his young men to marry; abolish the punishment of death for witchcraft; and in several minor matters he agreed to fall in with England's views. Cetewayo never meant to keep these promises. The Zulus, as a nation, are untruthful, and Cetewayo possessed the natural characteristic of his race in a remarkable degree. Deceit and cunning are esteemed the highest qualities for a ruler or warrior to show, and soon after Sir T. Shepstone and his escort had returned to Natal the king took the first step towards breaking his contract, by calling up his army and re-organising it after the model of his uncle Tschaka's. During Panda's reign the army had greatly deteriorated, and in response to the summons of Cetewayo only a portion of it came to Ulundi. He was exceedingly angry at this, and sent an 'impi' round to bring up the stragglers, most of them excusing themselves on the ground of sickness. He said that he would save the witch doctors trouble in curing them, and had all the men killed who refused to assemble.

He bestowed the greatest care and training on his warriors, personally superintending every detail; and the army under him arrived almost at the state of perfection in which it was during Tschaka's reign.

With regard to the second promise, of allowing his young men to marry: Tschaka's system being revived, marriage, of course, was forbidden until late in life,

and only certain women were allowed to marry into particular regiments. Under the milder rule of King Panda this was not strictly enforced, and the Zulu women proved obstinate and refused to marry at Cetewayo's dictation, whereupon he sent an 'impi' round to the various kraals and murdered them in cold blood. This rule of marriage was strictly enforced throughout his reign, and scores of women fled to Natal. Again, he did not allow women to bear children after their sons had been drafted into a regiment, and many were killed on this account.

Witchcraft, instead of being abolished, never flourished more than during his reign. At one time there were so many witch doctors throughout the country, and they had become so numerous and powerful, that, like his uncle Tschaka, he contemplated a general massacre. Being at heart both cowardly and superstitious he was afraid to carry out any violent measures against them, although he made use of them to enrich himself at the expense of his unfortunate people.

As regards the cruelties and atrocities perpetrated under the guise of witchcraft, I cannot do better than give an extract from a letter written by the Reverend R. Robertson, of Kamagwasa Mission Station, who has lived among the Zulus all his life, and was often at the king's kraal. I quote his own words:—

“On one point I partly agree with the advocates of Cetewayo. It has been said again and again that he

did not kill the people, but that they killed one another; and the Zulus will tell you the same thing. But what does that amount to? Only this, namely, that he did not always *originate* the cases which ended in death and confiscation. There was no need for him to do so, except in a few instances. He and his people are believers in witchcraft, and every untoward event, from the cough (I am thinking of a case) of a new-born infant to the dying struggle of a worn-out cow, was attributed to that black art. Such having been their belief (Is it changed, I wonder?), the *abatakati*, or witches, were never far to seek. Someone or other of their neighbours against whom they had a dislike was 'smelt out' by the witch doctors, and death too often was the result. Even a man's prosperity was a good and sufficient reason for making him an *umtagati*, in the late years of the Zulu power. I remember an old man who lost a fine herd of cattle, all but a very few, from lung-sickness. I condoled with him on his great loss. In reply, he said, 'It does not matter; I shall sleep more soundly at night.'

"What I assert most strongly is, that in cases of so-called witchcraft the victim received not a shadow of a trial. The 'smelling out' took place, and the king (*without whose consent no one could be killed*) sent the 'impi' and the man was killed, his cattle and daughters being confiscated to the king's use. The matter was kept a profound secret from the victim,

and the first intimation, in many cases, of his being even suspected, was his death-blow.

"In saying this I speak the truth, and I defy each and all of the contrary opinion to disprove it.

"It has often been asked how many were killed (say) in a year for witchcraft during the reign of Cetewayo, and very different assertions have been made on the subject, all equally valueless. Some—the advocates of barbarism—hold that comparatively few were killed; others, that the number was very great. A missionary, for instance, told the present writer that 'not a sun rose and set without its victim.' The missionary referred to was not a man to come to a hasty conclusion, and he had special opportunities of knowing what was going on above most, if not all, others.

"But a little consideration ought to show any man that it is quite impossible to arrive at the exact truth here. In civilised countries, by means of the newspaper, events are made known far and near, immediately they occur; but in Zululand it is not so. News here passes only from mouth to mouth, and killing for witchcraft being no unusual occurrence, it was quite possible for it to take place within a few miles of the trader's camp or the missionary's dwelling without his hearing anything of it.

"What the number may be whose blood no amount of washing can ever cleanse Cetewayo's hands from can never be known; but that the number is very

great indeed may be easily ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to cross the Tugela and traverse Zululand in any direction he may choose. Let such an enquirer carefully conceal the object he has in view; let him enter into conversation with those he finds at the kraals or meets on the road; let him talk of the late war and gradually bring the Zulu to speak of his relations, and he will soon obtain a list of 'killed by Cetewayo,' which I venture to say will appal even his staunchest advocate."

Some years ago, the Reverend Mr. Robertson stated in one of his published letters, that during the reign of Cetewayo nearly thirty persons were killed within a radius of five miles from his station, and he further offered to give their names. The advocates of heathen barbarism did not venture to accept the challenge. Mr. Robertson is still at his post, and is as ready to day to fulfil his pledge as when he made it.

Disputes soon arose between Cetewayo and the Boers over the boundary question. The Boers having cut some wood, and sent their cattle to feed in Zulu territory, more especially in the Luneberg district, the Zulus retaliated and made raids into the Transvaal.

These disputes had been going on in the latter part of King Panda's reign, but, being averse to war, he did not resent the intrusion of the Boers.

A more serious quarrel, however, broke out in the Luneberg district, between the Boers and a chief named Umbellini. There is no doubt that this chief was

secretly encouraged by Cetewayo in annoying the Boers, with a view to bringing on a war. A portion of Umbellini's tribe having gone over to the Boers, he followed them, killed a great many, and took their cattle. The Boers collected a force to punish Umbellini, but were unsuccessful, and he made several other raids over the border. The Boers then sent messengers to Cetewayo, complaining of the chief, and he, as was his custom, made all kinds of excuses, saying, Umbellini acted without orders, while all the time he was in league with him.

Cetewayo's army was now in splendid condition. He had procured a large number of fire-arms and gunpowder from Delagoa Bay, and all the young men being anxious to "wash their spears," he had the effrontery to send messengers several times to the Border Agent, to ask the permission of the English to go to war with the Swazies, the Tongas, and other tribes.

In 1875, his spies informed him of the straits to which the Boers were reduced, owing to the defeats by Secoceni, and the state of anarchy amongst themselves. His young men were thirsting for battle, and he determined to take the settlement of the boundary question into his own hands by going to war with the Boers. Had he done so in their unprepared state an awful massacre would have been the result.

Sir T. Shepstone, however, stepped in, and annexed the Transvaal in the name of the British Government, in April 1877.

Cetewayo, foiled in his efforts to make war on the frontier tribes and on the Boers, decided to go to war with the white men, whether English or not.

With this end in view, under the pretence of requiring some dogs for hunting, he sent messengers to stir up the Pondos; on the plea of buying cattle he sent others into Swazieland and the Tonga Country, and encouraged Secoeceni in his struggle with the Boers; and further summoned a great witch doctor from the Basutos to come and prepare his young men for the coming fight.

The Kaffir wars in all parts of Africa at that time indicated a great movement among the black races against the whites; and I have the authority of such men as Mr. Fynney, the Border Agent, and Chief Dunn, that all the Zulus throughout the country openly talked of driving the white men into the sea.

I have before alluded to the murder of young women by the king, in order that certain of his warriors should not marry. The Governor of Natal addressed a remonstrance to him on this subject, to which he replied in the most insolent terms.

The immediate causes of the war in 1878 were these: Two wives of a chief, called Sirayo, having been accused of witchcraft, fled across the Tugela; when he sent an 'impi' after them, brought them back, and murdered them:

Some Englishmen were making a 'drift' across the Tugela near Pietermaritzburg, when they were sur-

prised by some of Sirayo's party, and one of their number exceedingly ill-used. A fine, and the surrender of Sirayo's sons, were demanded. Cetewayo, with his usual deceit, pretended that he could not catch the culprits. As further parleying was useless, an ultimatum was sent to him, to which no reply was vouchsafed. The British troops then crossed the Tugela, and war commenced. It will not be necessary to follow the events of the war, which are fresh in the minds of everyone. It must, however, be observed that the 'gallant' king never risked his person throughout the war, and on no occasion did he expose himself to the least danger, although the blood of thousands of his best warriors was poured out like water. His uncle Tschaka, on the contrary, led his troops in person, and often killed the first of the foe with his own hand; his cowardly successor, with all his uncle's cruelty but with none of his pluck, skulked in his kraal, and when the fate of his kingdom was being decided at Ulundi he fled before the battle was over.

His followers stood gallantly by him, and it was only after a long and arduous chase, of a fortnight's duration, that he was captured and shipped off to Cape Town.

John Dunn, after the overthrow of Umbulazi by Cetewayo, returned to Zululand, and became a trusted 'Induna,' or chief, under him. He repeatedly warned Cetewayo of the dangerous course he was pursuing,

but it was of no avail, and so, previous to the outbreak of hostilities, John Dunn and his tribe went into Natal and threw in their lot with the English. Cetewayo was so enraged at this that he offered 500 head of cattle for John Dunn, dead or alive.

After the war Sir Garnet Wolseley divided the country into thirteen districts, each under a chief, who swore—(1) Not to allow arms of any kind; (2) Not to establish any military system; (3) To allow marriage; (4) To abolish witchcraft and ‘smelling out.’ All disputes to be settled by the British Resident, who should be subsequently appointed.

This arrangement did not last long. Disputes arose, which ended in bloodshed in several instances; and the British Resident’s authority, not being supported by any real power, was set at nought; the consequence being, that the country, except John Dunn’s territory, lapsed into anarchy and confusion.

Cetewayo—I am quoting from one who knows him well—is treacherous even to his friends, preferring a crooked to a straightforward policy. He is petulant, sour tempered, and revengeful in the last degree. He will promise anything to get back to power, and his promise is not to be depended upon, even if he could keep it. His whole career has been one of bloodshed, deceit, and crime. Experience has shown that he has broken faith with us on more than one occasion. The only condition on which he could be restored to power would be—to take such measures

as would render him powerless to do any further mischief. This could only be done by the permanent occupation of the country by a body of troops, and virtually keeping him a prisoner, which would be a great expense to the British taxpayer. Can it be said that the Zulus would respect and obey a ruler under such conditions ?

It must not be supposed that the crushing defeats inflicted upon the Zulus have eradicated the war spirit which has been fostered by successive rulers. The African tribes, in a surprisingly short space of time, recover from defeats which civilised nations would take years to get over. The burning of their villages and destroying the crops only injures the people for the time being, the effect is not a lasting one. They still hold their dances, and sing songs in which they carefully abstain from reference to Gingelhovo, Inezane, Kambula, and Ulundi; but they constantly refer to their exploits at Isandula, Zloblane, and Intombi, and personally relate how they killed the English in these several encounters.

Some people in England now seriously propose to send back the king, who will most surely form the centre round which all the discontented and idle will rally.

That there is a party in Zululand, headed by the late prime minister—Umnnyamana and the relations of the ex-king, who are anxious for the return of Cetewayo, is a fact; but who are they ? They do not

represent the bulk of the nation, but are a number of men who were 'Indunas' under Cetewayo, and were passed over by Sir Garnet Wolseley when he partitioned out the country, and who pretend to have grievances which they wish righted. Their power is gone, and with it their wealth; and the abolition of killing and confiscation of cattle, for witchcraft has deprived them of the means of obtaining that power and wealth back again. Should Cetewayo return, these men would be joined by hundreds of others ready for any fiendish work, provided they had the prospect, however distant, of getting a beast for their reward.

Again, should Cetewayo be restored to the throne, he would require an immense number of cattle to keep up his establishment as it was before the war; and as cattle are not plentiful in Zululand, how would his wants be supplied? There is only one way, and he would not scruple to avail himself of it, that is, by confiscation and murder under the guise of witchcraft. This was the way in which he supplied his wants while he was king, as anyone acquainted with the country well knows; and there is not a doubt that he would do the same again, if the opportunity were given him.

Recent events in the Transvaal and Basutoland have not added to English prestige in South Africa. The Zulus, as I found from personal observation, regarded the Boers with the profoundest contempt;

and the idea of the English being defeated by them in every battle has undermined Zulu confidence in British superiority.

It was fortunate for England that the Zulus were not better led during the late war; how fortunate, only those who went through it know.

The Zulus learnt many valuable lessons, which they will not fail to profit by should another war occur. It would be the greatest mistake to imagine that the tactics which they used then will be again followed. With regard to arms, there is no doubt that there is a large number still in the country, and more can be procured through the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay.

With Cetewayo's cruel, treacherous character, the history of his antecedents, and his incapability of restraining the warlike instincts of his nation, before us, it would—to say the least—be most impolitic to restore him.

It may be difficult to arrive at the truth regarding Cetewayo's brief but bloody reign, and the dangers which may arise from sending him back; but let the Government, before taking any decisive step, and to provide against contingencies, appoint a commission to make enquiries—(1) As to the truth, or otherwise, of the charges of cruelty which have been so freely made against the late Zulu King; (2) As to what the wishes of the people really are regarding the future government of the country.

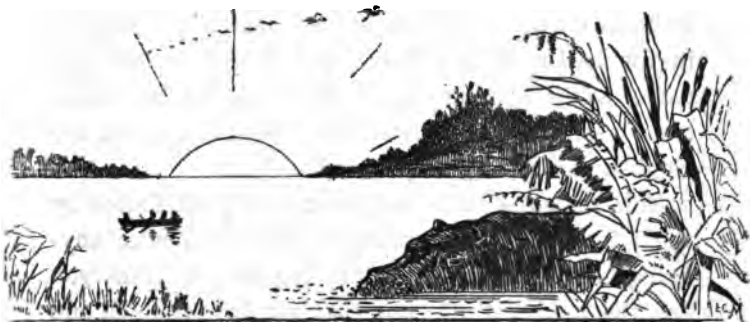
Were such a commission appointed, it would be found—(1) That, Chief Dunn, and the other *loyal* chiefs, together with the missionaries who have no self-interest, would produce proofs of a series of butcheries which would horrify the English Government and the public ; (2) That, the vast majority of the Zulu people would say, “Let us be ruled by the Queen of England, but not by Cetewayo.”

Does the history of Cape Colony prove that, in any one case when a captive chief has been sent back to his tribe, he has remained loyal? No; instance : Sandilli, Macomo, Botman, and others. Can we afford to try experiments from a false sentimentality with the Zulus? If we do, bitter will be the experience. In the year 1854, some messengers came from Moshesh—the great Basuto chief, to Ned Macomo’s (the ‘Dabulamanzi of the Gaikas) Kraal, near the Dohne. They asked the Gaikas why they had made peace with the English and submitted to control? as he (Moshesh) had beaten the English in the battle of the Berea, and they had left him alone, and the Gaikas could have sent for his assistance. The Gaikas’ answer was, “We never asked the English for peace, they asked us.”

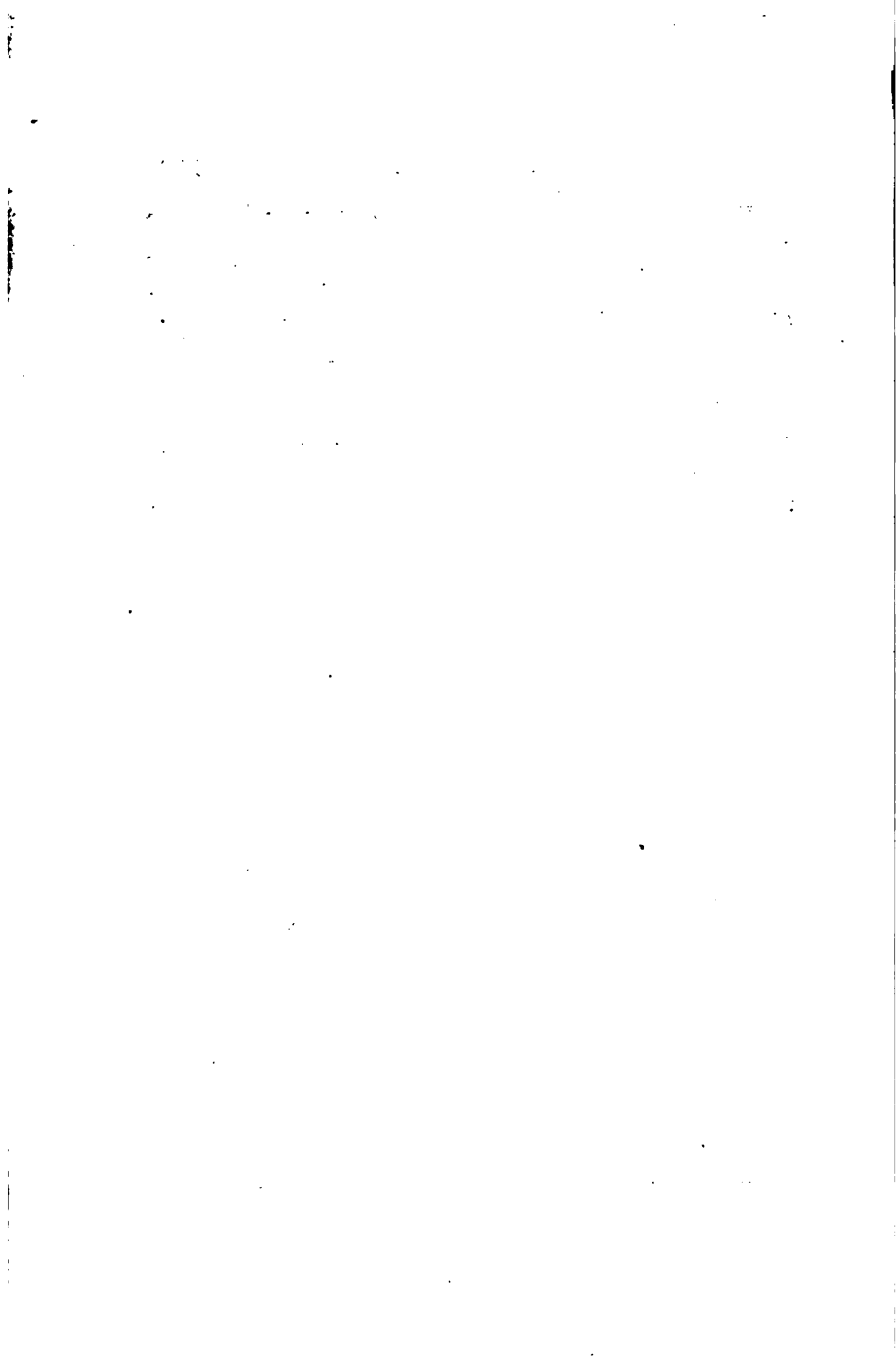
Soft measures with natives are only attributed by them to fear. It is no mercy to rule them with anything but an iron rod, thus proving to them that you are the dominant race, and that you have the will and the power to make them subservient to authority.

The safety of the South African Colonies is menaced by this principle of concession to savages. History has proved it to be a mistake. A strong, firm Government, under white magistrates, is what is wanted for Zululand, and desired by the Zulus themselves. Then, and not till then, will missionary work flourish, and civilization follow. The colonists of Natal will then have a constant source of danger and anxiety removed, and be enabled to enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity.

FINIS.



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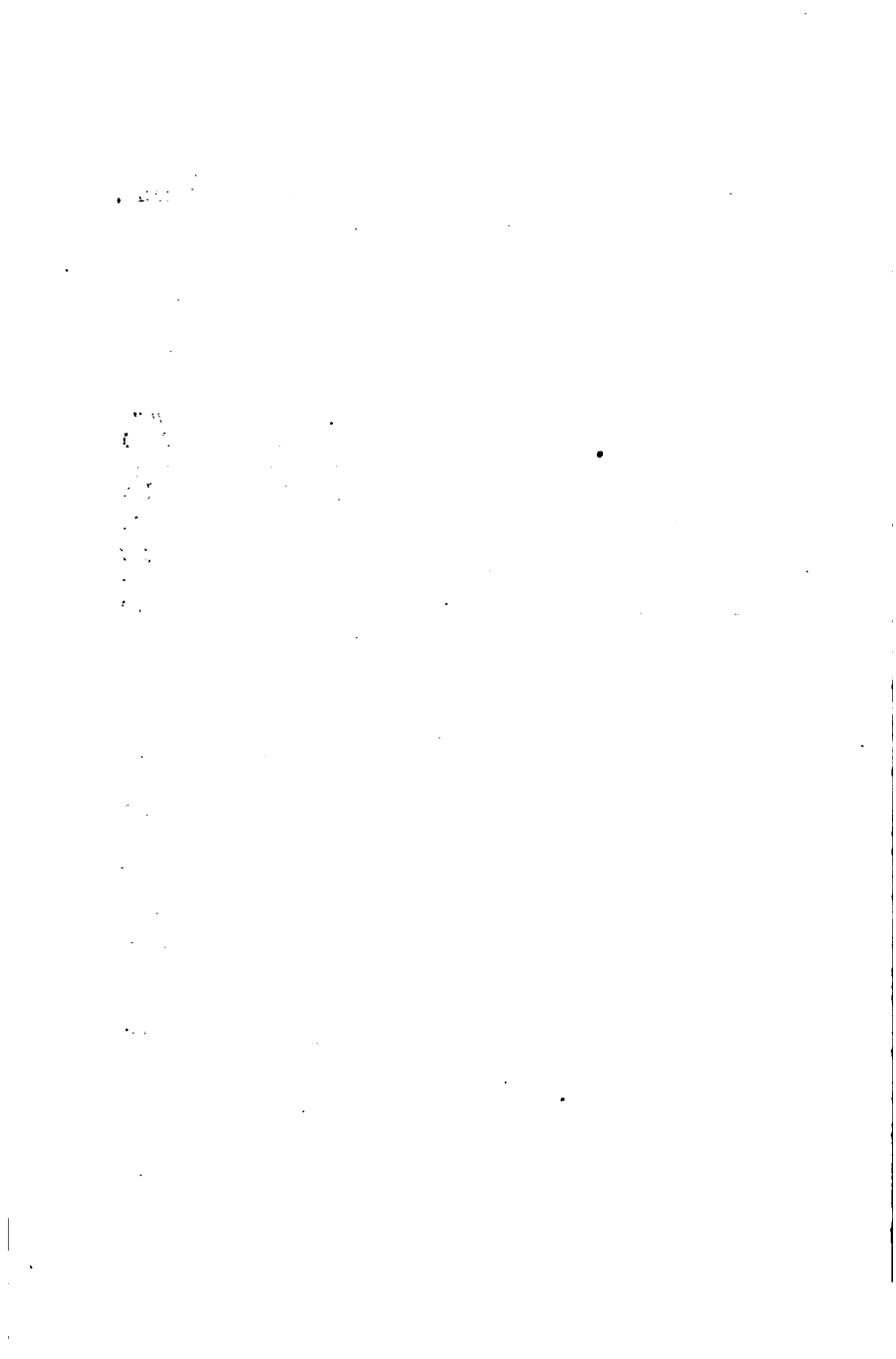
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